

HE HELVELLYN HORSESHOE By W. A. Poucher

# COUNTRY LIFE

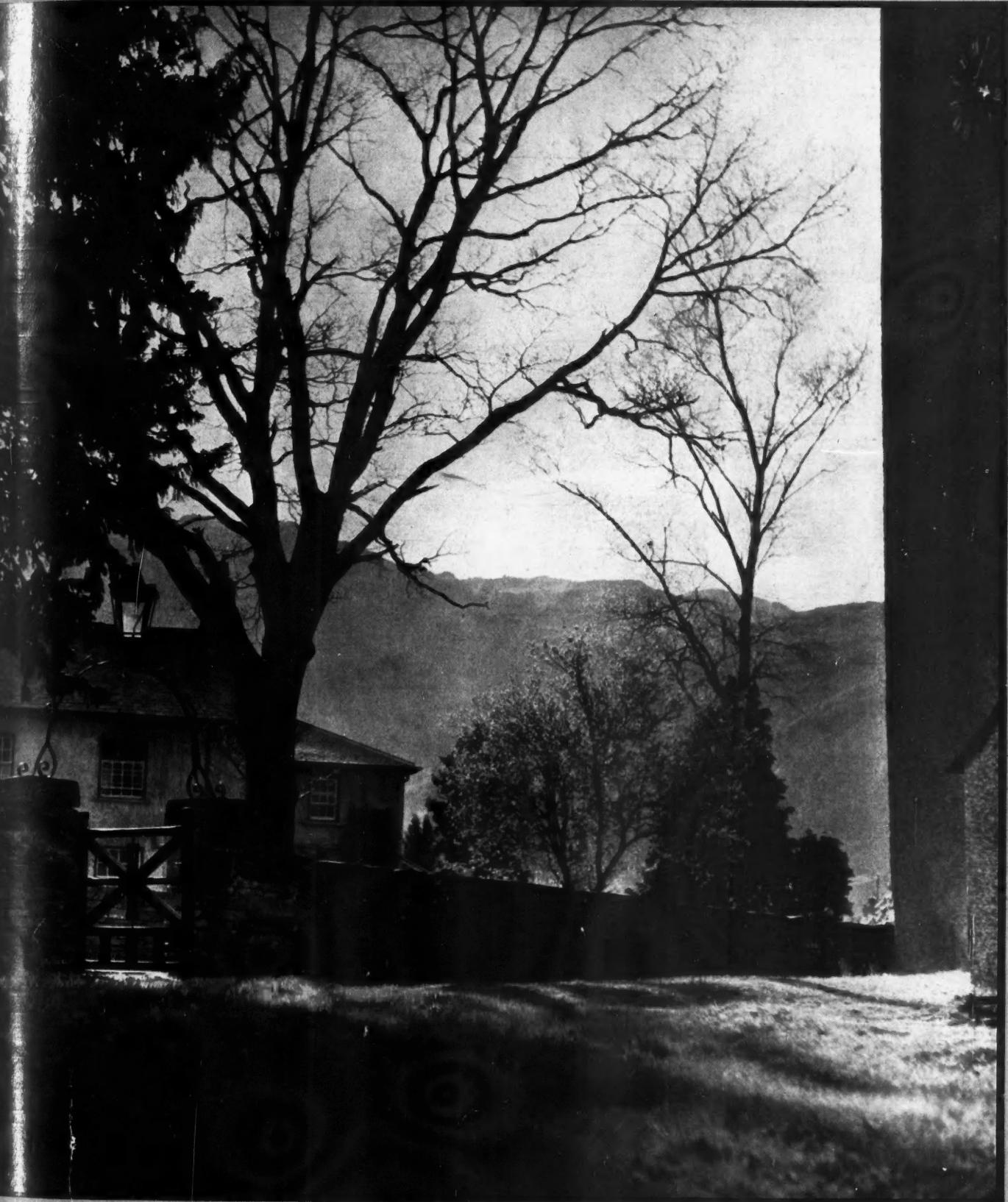
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## PERSONAL

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(1) Fisherman's name and address.  
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## SITUATIONS

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between the ages of 18 and 50 incl., or a woman between the ages of 18 and 40 incl., unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of The Control of Engagement Order 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

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SMALL adult education college in period country house requires house keeper for catering, control of domestic staff, some cooking. Good accommodation and lodgings.—Apply stating experience, to WARDEN, Urchfont Manor near Devizes, Wiltshire.

TWO ex-officers offered modern cottage in exchange for work in garden. Gentlewoman Cook-housekeeper for house; own flat; moderate wage. Animal-lovers essential.—Box 497.

WANTED for country, experienced Cook-housekeeper; help in house; own sitting room; able to take entire charge where necessary.

WANTED, Keeper. Six miles and two lakes of trout fishing. Must be thoroughly experienced in the hatching, rearing and feeding of trout. Good accommodation. Permanent position. 40 miles S.W. of London.—Box 378.

WANTED for country, experienced Cook-housekeeper; help in house; own sitting room; able to take entire charge where necessary.

WANTED, Keeper. Six miles and two lakes of trout fishing. Must be thoroughly experienced in the hatching, rearing and feeding of trout. Good accommodation. Permanent position. 40 miles S.W. of London.—Box 497.

WANTED for country. Experienced in personnel welfare, house management; can type.—Box 466.

CHAUFFEUR-MECHANIC desires situation with C Rolls, 22 years driving, experienced town or country, abstainer, married, excellent references, adaptable.—Box 468.

EDUCATED LADY (40) desires post receptionist.

assist correspondence; capable. High-class country sports hotel/club. Highest references. West of England preferred.—Box 454.

EX-NAVAL OFFICER (married), having completed four years of horticultural training under the Government Scheme, would like to commercially cultivate private garden, preferably some glass; living accommodation required, available early October.—Box 471.

EXPERIENCED LAND AGENT at present managing extensive estates wishes for change of district, Midlands preferred but not essential. Modern house and good salary required. First-class references available.—Apply, Box 455.

GENTLEMAN (35), good social and family background, first-class business man with 100 per cent. initiative, diplomatic and friendly nature able to organise or take control, honesty and integrity guaranteed, seeks suitable post.—Kindly communicate Box 438.

GENTLEMAN, experienced, but with insufficient capital to start on own, desires post as Manager on sizeable mixed farm. Would consider renting or working in interest.—Box 445.

LAND AGENT/SECRETARY, 16 years' experience in connection with land management; conversant with current legislation; administrative and organising ability; would assist owner running own estate, or manage several small properties and undertake secretarial work. Age 39, single.—Box 453.

LADY with good secretarial experience and garden knowledge, desires post town or country South England. Can drive a car, fond of country life.—Box 470.

UNDER GARDENER, 28, married, one child. Seeks situation where cottage provided, preferably on private estate. Free mid-May when existing employment terminates on sale of property, which is sole reason for leaving. Highest references.—Apply: SELFLICK, Lornaville Priory Cottages, Nettlestone, Lornaville, W.I.

YOUNG LADY (26) animal lover, fond of country life, domesticated, see family. Knowledge of country and family home.—Box 464.

WANTED for 1947-28-29, Al Inchfawn's "Everyday Address, Box 25, Stat." Wanted Punch 1 Sheffield, 6-8 p.m.

WANTED copy of FAYRE price £1.60, 16, N.Y.

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WANTED "COUNTRY LIFE" COPIES

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"COUNTRY LIFE" good condition.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2671

MARCH 26, 1948



*Harlip*

## LADY JOANNA LAMBART

Lady Joanna Lambart is the younger daughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan and of the Countess of Cavan

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE USE OF THE LAND

FEW people need to be told in these days of strife in Parliament and Press between upholders of agriculture, amenity societies, local housing authorities, industry "locators," New Town Corporations, military training departments and Forestry Commissioners, that we have too little land for too many purposes. The corollary is that before we allow any change from one use to another—either regionally or locally—we should have full and exact information as to the present and potential uses of the land concerned. It seems incredible now with what light-hearted indifference such changes were allowed in the past, the level fringes of old towns, to take a glaring instance, with their widespread and well manured market gardens, being submerged in the course of a few decades by the sprawl of jerry-built suburbs, and all without a murmur of protest. Not until this century was well on its way were such matters looked at with an eye to national land shortage, and, even then, to a country used to getting most of its food from abroad, it hardly seemed to matter whether good agricultural or waste land was taken for building developments, or whether barren heath or good sheep pasture was commandeered for artillery ranges.

The submarine blockade of the 1914 war taught our rulers something—though not half enough—of the fundamental nature of agricultural land values, but it was not until the early 'thirties, when the first attempt was being made by a Town and Country Planning Act to deal comprehensively with questions of land use, that a serious attempt was begun to handle the matter scientifically and provide the necessary data. Even then the initiative and inspiration for the Land Utilisation Survey came not from the Government but from well-informed citizens with the necessary technical qualifications who realised the prime importance, at that juncture, of a national stocktaking in land. The Survey was a voluntary organisation and the field work was carried out by voluntary surveyors and their helpers. In *The Land of Britain : Its Use and Misuse* (Longman, 42s.), Dr. Dudley Stamp tells in full the story of the inception and development of the survey, beginning with a reproduction of the first leaflet of instructions issued to all helpers in 1931. Starting as a "field-by-field survey of the whole country, covering every acre and recording its use," it gradually became both more scientific and more comprehensive. "In the future," said the early leaflet, "there will be a permanent record available for the years 1931-32, to which reference can be made just as we at the present date can refer in England to the survey described in Domesday Book and in Scotland to the Old and New Statistical Accounts." But, though most of the field work was done by 1935, it is only now that this volume of five hundred pages comes

from the press, and with its two hundred and more maps and diagrams provides a summary and generalised account of the vast amount of local information which has been collected. The generalisations came largely by way of definition. The surveyors were early driven to define—for the purpose of their maps and reports—the various existing types of land and types of farming practice. The next step was a classification of land by agricultural value, which has produced a final conclusion that about 48 per cent. of the land in England and Wales can be regarded as "good," with 5 per cent. "first class"; 32 per cent. is described as "medium," and 17 per cent. as "poor." In Scotland the order is reversed. "Good" land comes to only 17.5 per cent., "medium" 10 per cent., and 70 per cent. "poor."

It is impossible here to go into the many other reports of a generalised nature—on such matters as soil-types, farming systems, climate, surface form and structure, lay-out of drainage,

## HATFIELD HOUSE RE-OPENED

THIS week-end Hatfield House, which during the war was used as a hospital, is being re-opened to the public. The principal rooms, including the great hall, long gallery, armoury and chapel, will be shown as before the war, but they will now be open daily, except on Sundays, until the end of September between 10.30 and 5.30. Their contents have been carefully cleaned and re-instated, and certain improvements in arrangement have taken place. Visitors will be able to inspect also the great hall of the old palace of the Bishops of Ely, where Queen Elizabeth was living when she was called to the throne. To keep a great house in good repair and working order in these difficult days is no mean achievement. In some instances it has been found impossible, owing to lack of staff, to show houses and gardens which were regularly accessible in normal times. The public owe a great debt—how great is not always appreciated—to the altruism of those owners who, like Lord Salisbury, have determined, even with limited resources, to overcome all the difficulties when there must have been a strong temptation to throw up the sponge. Other houses which will be regularly opened by their owners this summer, in addition to those under the care of the National Trust, include Penshurst, Haddon Hall, Warwick Castle, Stoneleigh Abbey and St. Michael's Mount.

## EASTER

*DEAD heart entombed in sorrow's sepulchre,  
Can Eastertide not roll the stone away?  
So you may hear the cuckoo on the hill,  
The lark uprising from the meadow grass;  
So you may see the lanky lambs at play,  
The hawking swallows round the water-mill;  
So you may know, that as cloud shadows pass,  
A heart entombed may rise up from its sorrow,  
And death be life to-morrow.*

WINIFRED LETTS.

and so on. All these generalisations are necessary for the comprehension of—and give their value to—the local details which have been assessed in the course of the survey. The value of the latter is enormous both for local and central government. The lessons gleaned during the survey, says Dr. Stamp, "have in the past four years become part of the routine work of local authorities, local planning authorities, and the appropriate Government departments." Among those departments the chief is obviously the Ministry of Agriculture, which will acquire invaluable information about the potential utilisation of much land which through their advisory service and executive committees they now have the chance of improving out of recognition.

## BRITAIN EN FÊTE

THE Festival of Britain planned for 1951 is designed to demonstrate to the world, in Mr. Herbert Morrison's words, "the British contribution to civilisation past, present and future, in the arts, science and technology and industrial design." Although an Exhibition of Crystal Palace or Wembley type has been abandoned owing to the impossibility of building one under present conditions, existing institutions, with their premises restored and their actual collections and activities somewhat extended, could no doubt sufficiently display the museum aspect of Britain's arts. Drama and music festivals at historic local centres will no doubt be synchronised. But, in view of the physical difficulties of concentrating all the interests in a single locality, it is certainly worthwhile to explore the further possibilities of devolution : of putting the whole country as it were on show. As Sir Herbert Morgan has expressed it, a real insight into the rich pattern of English life and history is best gained by visiting our historic towns, cathedrals, country houses, and gardens; while our future efficiency could well be demonstrated by perfect tourist and travel organisation. It is an attractive conception, and its success would largely hinge on the enlisting of local and voluntary co-operation. Unfortunately, however, local and voluntary initiative of any kind is disheartened if not already paralysed by the present austerity régime. Everything turns on labour—for visitors' accommodation, for tidying up our towns, for getting gardens trim or historic houses furnished—and its provision, it seems, will be any scheme's principal problem.

## WASTE PAPER

ACCORDING to the President of the Board of Trade there is urgent need for an additional 200,000 tons of paper-making materials a year for immediate and essential purposes. They could possibly be bought with dollars from North America. They are, as a matter of fact, available here in the form of waste paper if they could only be safely and regularly conveyed to the re-pulping mills. The collection of 100,000 extra tons of waste paper would be equivalent to a saving of ten million dollars. At present over two-thirds of the total amount of paper in circulation is being lost altogether—which shows what a margin there is for the individual to help in saving by a little more thought and more serious effort. Most of us do not need to be told exactly what to collect; newspapers, cartons, old letters, wrapping papers, are all of use, but thought and method add greatly to their value. Newspapers should be kept separately, cartons and odd papers in old carrier bags, and all should be kept out of the dustbin and handed to the dustman when he calls. After all, the careful collection of an extra two pounds of waste weekly in this way is not very much to ask the citizen to undertake, and two pounds from every household would cover the whole of the missing two-thirds which at present is lost on the way back to the pulping mills.

## KNICKERBOCKERS OR TROUSERS

KNICKERBOCKERS or plus fours, which ever we like to call them, have largely vanished from our golf courses. Time was when nearly all golfers wore them, that is to say all amateurs, for until Harry Vardon set the fashion, the professionals stuck resolutely to trousers. Now nearly everyone, amateur and professional, has reverted to slacks, and since they are cooler and less trouble to put on, this appears a sensible procedure. In America there seems to be a movement in favour of the discarded plus fours since someone—perhaps it is merely in the nature of a "stunt"—has promoted a tournament confined to the knickerbocker. In this Ben Hogan, one of the leading professionals, has firmly declined to play, on the ground that he is "just not built for" the prescribed uniform. He will have the sympathy of a great many people whether on particular or general grounds; particular because their own legs and ankles are best when not too carefully outlined, general because this is still a free country, and golf, as regards its garments, is the freest of games. Moreover it is freer than it used to be, for he who played in shirt sleeves was once regarded as outside the pale of Christianity. To-day the coat almost is atrophied but it is still permissible.



F. H. Done

"WHEN MARCH WINDS SPEED THE FLEECY CLOUDS"

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By  
**Major C. S. JARVIS**

I FIND I was mistaken in thinking (February 20) that the mysterious tracks in the snow visible on the cover photograph of a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE were made by the photographer's dog. Mr. Newland, who was responsible for the picture, states that he was not accompanied by a dog, and that he noticed the tracks himself and wondered what had caused them, since they came out of the water, travelled across a portion of the bank and disappeared into the river on the other side, to re-appear on a small island in the middle distance. He states that there were no human or other tracks anywhere in the vicinity, and that, considering the very cold weather, he thinks it most unlikely that any dog would have taken to the water on his own initiative.

THERE would seem to be no doubt, therefore, that the tracks were caused by an otter, and that on this occasion the animal was carrying his tail high, so that it left no marks in the snow. West Drayton is on the Colne, and, beyond knowing that the Colne was once an excellent trout stream which, like every other water, has deteriorated of recent years, I am not sufficiently acquainted with it to give an opinion whether a visitation by an otter is a probability or not. My experience of the otter would go to prove that the improbable and the unusual figure frequently in its movements and general behaviour. One of my boyhood recollections is of a very small mill-pond on the Sussex-Kent border which was privately owned, and which as a fishing water was not by any means remarkable except for the presence of about ten giant carp which presumably had been put in about the time of the Crimean War.

These enormous fish, all of which were in the neighbourhood of 15 lb. in weight, and which looked absurdly out of place in the tiny

pond, lay basking on the surface of the water on every sunny day, solely to tantalise the angler, presumably, for no one ever succeeded in presenting them with a bait at which they would look. The small pond was fed only by a series of ditches and not by a stream, and, since there was no river anywhere in the vicinity, it was presumably well off the beat of otters. Nevertheless, a roaming pair of otters did eventually happen on it during their nocturnal wanderings in search of food, and in one week all that was left of the ten giant carp which seemed destined to live for ever were ten enormous heads lying in a mass of scales and bones.

ANOTHER reader of COUNTRY LIFE who lives on a big river where a glimpse of an otter is a frequent occurrence, though it almost invariably takes the form of nothing more than a swirl in the water followed by a small chain of bubbles, has told me of a most unusual incident. In broad daylight recently an otter suddenly appeared on the lawn within three yards of the drawing-room window while the occupants of the room were at tea, and, though my correspondent came out of the house banging the door behind him, the animal took not the slightest notice of him. It lolloped along under the wall of the wood-shed, sniffed at a rat's hole, ran down to the gardener's cottage on a visit of inspection, and came back up the garden path, passing the ducks' pen on the way. Finally, in a leisurely manner and still completely ignoring the presence of the human being, it entered the neighbouring water-meadow, where it dived into a carrier and swam down it slowly to the main river beyond.

The obvious explanation of this incident is that this otter was a pet that had escaped. On the other hand, there is no record of anyone in the vicinity having lost a pet otter, and on one or two occasions when fishing I have seen otters behave in a most unaccountable manner, swimming about in the river immediately in front of me and even coming right out of the water to inspect me at closer range. While fishing after dusk last summer in Scotland, I found that I had been allotted a sea-trout pool which a pair of otters regarded as their own private water. They started fishing shortly after I had made my first cast, and, though in the failing light I only caught a glimpse from time to time of the swirls that they caused in the water, I gathered from their whistling remarks to each other that they regarded me as a trespasser and had no intention of leaving the pool to me. I may add that I did not have a single rise in that particular stretch, but I suspect that the otters were more successful.

In the past, when the percentage of the British population addicted to angling was very small indeed, the fisherman was commonly regarded as being not quite normal in intelligence. It has often occurred to me that some of the creatures of the wild hold the same opinion and regard the man with a rod in his hand as a quite harmless lunatic with whom liberties can be taken with impunity.

RECENTLY, when wandering round our market-place on market day, when not a cock crew or a hen clucked in the tenantless coops owing to the enforcement officers having ordered that every bird was to be killed and sold at the controlled price on account of the fowl pest, I came across a hawker with a small table on which was piled a heap of women's stockings. He was so like the accepted picture

of the much-discussed "spiv" that he might have stepped out of the pages of *Punch*, and, having heard much of "spivs" but never having met one in the flesh before, I lingered near the stall to learn something of their engaging ways.

This specimen seemed to be a public benefactor rather than a menace, for he was offering to give away two pairs of artificial silk stockings to anyone who liked to come forward. Since in these days the obtaining of something for nothing sounds so extremely unlikely there was no response for some time, but eventually a middle-aged woman did come shyly up to the table, and she undoubtedly did receive two pairs of stockings for nothing. Afterwards, when the hawker began to sell the stockings at four pairs for sixpence, business became fairly brisk, and everything was scrupulously legal and above board, since he was most careful to take the clothing coupons for the goods he was selling. Convinced that the new edict about the control of prices and the cutting down of profits was already bearing good fruit, and that we were beginning to make some progress towards rounding austerity corner, I walked away with a song in my heart.

On my return home from the market, I gave a lift in the car to a heavily laden housewife, and asked her if she had been one of the

lucky ones to obtain a pair of artificial silk stockings for nothing.

"Not me!" was the indignant reply. "Those stockings are absolute rubbish, and it's the clothing coupons he's after. He takes three coupons for a pair, and no one but a fool would give three coupons for those things."

I remembered then that someone had told me the accepted price for clothing coupons in London was from 2s. to 2s. 6d., but presumably the seller's market must have improved since then. Seeing that the hawker, to obtain his stockings legally, must, or should, have paid over some coupons, I could not help wondering what price he was going to obtain for the balance, if any, and I realised that there were realms of high finance to-day that are utterly beyond my understanding, despite my Oriental background. Later I recalled that a policeman was standing by during the sales with his thumbs in his belt and a puzzled expression on his face. He was probably thinking much the same as myself, but did not know what he could do about it.

\* \* \*

THE following, overheard in our village recently, goes to prove that we are not progressing as rapidly as we hoped towards the

total elimination of class distinction. Two small boys spinning tops on opposite sides of the street eventually met in the middle, and eyed each other suspiciously.

1st Small Boy: "Where do you live?"

2nd Small Boy: "I live in one of the pre-fabs down there."

1st Small Boy: "Garn! My mother told me I wasn't to have nothing to do with boys who live in the pre-fabs."

Another short and pointed remark of rather the same nature heard on an aerodrome during the latter part of the war was obviously inspired by *esprit de corps*—and *esprit de corps* is a polite name for Service, or class, distinction. It happened to be August 1, otherwise Minden Day, and a platoon of one of the regiments that had been present at this victory of nearly 200 years ago were drawn up on ceremonial parade to receive the roses, which according to custom they would wear in their caps for the rest of the day. Two aircraftmen were watching the parade, and one asked his companion: "What's it all about, Nobby?"

"Minden Day," said the other.

"What d'you mean, 'Minden Day'?"

"You know—Battle of Minden."

"Never heard of it, but I bet the Royal Air Force done all the work, as usual."

## THE HELVELLYN HORSeshoe

Written and Illustrated by W. A. POUCHER

THE long week-end at Easter marks the opening of the Lakeland season, as those who travel north-west on the Thursday before Good Friday well know. The trains are then crowded with people of all ages wearing conspicuously nailed boots and carrying heavy rucksacks, bound for Penrith, Keswick or Windermere, and thence for such delightful valleys as Patterdale, Borrowdale or Langdale.

During the winter the fells are silent save for the shriek of the wind or the soft patter of rain, because few climbers are about, unless snow has tempted them to come with ice-axe or ski. Almost the only human beings who tread the summits and the ridges at this time are the

shepherds, whereas at Easter there is the ring of nailed boots on the tracks and rock faces and the jolly chatter of climbers as they wend their way uphill to the tops.

One of the most favoured hills at this time of year is Helvellyn (Fig. 1), because it is not only conveniently reached from Patterdale and Grasmere, but is also an easy walk for the sure-footed. Moreover, the rewards of the ascent are immense, for, apart from the healthy exercise, a panorama is disclosed on clear days that is hard to beat anywhere in Lakeland. The mountain is only 3,118 feet high, but it rises in comparative isolation, and because the Central Fells are huddled together far away to

the west it reveals their grouping to perfection. There are several routes by which Helvellyn may be ascended, and one's choice will depend largely upon where one is staying. Those who come from Grasmere may go by bus to Wythburn and climb the steepest and shortest track, returning by way of Grisedale Hause. Those coming from Patterdale may cross Striding Edge (Fig. 2) and descend by Swirral Edge, or as an alternative go down by Grisedale. In both cases these routes can be extended to include Fairfield, from which either of the bases may be reached, but the ascent of this additional peak requires more time and calls for greater energy and not everyone will be prepared to include it if he is taking his first strenuous walk of the season.

Those who elect to make this diversion, however, will find the stroll down to Grasmere enchanting, because both Fairfield and Great Rigg disclose splendid views of the southern lakes, as well as grand prospects of the Coniston Fells. On the other hand, those who make for Patterdale must first traverse Cofa Pike, which has an undeservedly bad reputation for difficulty, and after crossing Deepdale Hause ascend the broad ridge of St. Sunday Crag before finally descending to Thornhow End and Ullswater. In my opinion this route is one of the finest in Lakeland, because it unfolds some of the most beautiful fell scenery, and, without suggesting that it competes with the wild grandeur of the Horseshoe in Snowdonia, I have given it the same descriptive name.

Patterdale is a delightful place for a holiday on account of its proximity to Ullswater, which is one of our loveliest lakes. Anyone who has wandered through the trees fringing the shore of



1.—HELVELLYN FROM STRIDING EDGE, WITH RED TARN ON THE RIGHT

the lake at Glencoyne will have revelled in its beauty, since this coign of vantage discloses both the upper and middle reaches of the lake to perfection. There are also excellent walks in all the subsidiary dales, such as Deepdale and Dove-dale, which are quiet, spacious and colourful, as well as more strenuous outings on the hills beyond Boardale Hause. But, despite the undoubted attractions of these places, climbers will always raise their eyes to Helvellyn, which is so near at hand and the giant of the neighbourhood. If one is in good condition one will want to make the circuit of the Horseshoe, and if one wishes to loiter by the way to view the fine scenery, one will have to be on foot early in the day.

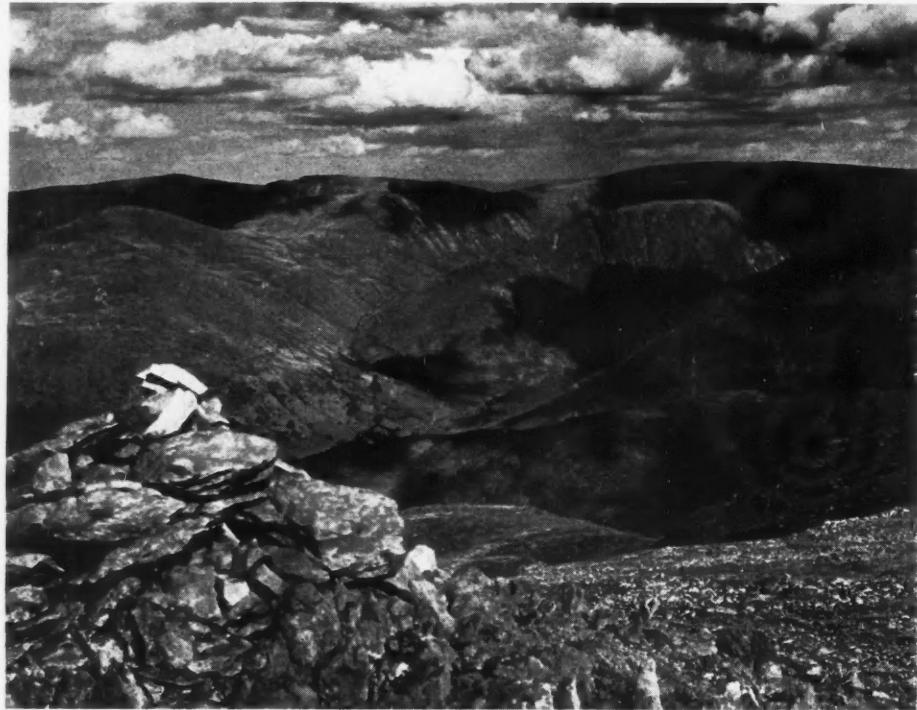
The approach to Helvellyn is indicated by a finger-post near the bridge over Grisedale Beck, and here one turns off the highway to take the narrow leafy lane which, in half a mile, gives on to open country at a gate. Another finger-post indicates a turn to the right, and a second gate gives access to the fell. The view to the south-west opens up the full length of Grizedale and the mountains enclosing its head, and the eminence on the extreme right discloses a glen on the horizon at a height of about 2,000 feet. This is the first objective in the circuit.

The path goes through bracken and rises gently along the flanks of Grisedale Brow past a conspicuous coppice, but the gate on the skyline seems to get no nearer despite the gradual increase in height. Once it is reached, however, the river front of Helvellyn is revealed ahead, enclosed on the left by Striding Edge and on the right by Catchedicam. The stony track on the left is the nearest route to the former, but it is better to keep to the crest of the ridge because it discloses grand views on either side. The ridge proper is reached at a conspicuous knob of rock, and this airy viewpoint reveals the undulations ahead, extending right to the final slopes of the reigning peak of the walk.

I have crossed Striding Edge many times in all sorts of weather and every time I attain this viewpoint it brings back pleasant recollections. On one occasion I invited a clergyman and his

(Right) 2.—STRIDING EDGE FROM THE ABYSS. (Below) 3.—ST. SUNDAY CRAG FROM THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN. The conical peak on the skyline is Ill Bell; Striding Edge is the ridge in the left foreground





4.—CLOUD SHADOWS ON THE HIGH STREET RANGE, FROM ST. SUNDAY CRAG

son to accompany me and my son on this walk, but when we reached this point the clergyman held back with fear. I suggested we should sit down and scan the wild scene while our sons went ahead, and when they had advanced to the centre of the ridge I asked what excuse he would give if we retreated. This was enough to spur him on, and when we had crossed the narrow, fearsome rocks he thanked me for the gentle persuasion. On another occasion I was with a party on a sweltering summer day and some of its members were so hot when they attained the

Edge that they decided to go down to Red Tarn for a bathe. Knowing the low temperature of this sheet of water—the highest in Lakeland at 2,356 feet—I stood on its bank to see the fun. In they went, one after the other, but they came out again with even greater speed because it was only just over freezing point.

To amble across Striding Edge is an airy delight, and in favourable weather is merely a well-balanced walk. The Abyss at the end of it looks rather awe-inspiring, but a zig-zag course will place one beside Gough's monument in a

very short time. Here the Grisedale track is encountered, and in a few minutes one passes the shelter and stands by the summit cairn. The vast panorama is magnificent, and, in addition to disclosing the full length prospect of the Central Fells already mentioned, it reveals glimpses of several lakes.

To the south, there is a pleasant promenade down to Tarn Crag, and a slight diversion to include Dollywaggon Pike is well worth while because it unfolds a splendid view of Grisedale far below. The path contours down to Grisedale Hause, where the well-marked track from Patterdale to Grasmere is encountered. Fairfield and Cofa Pike rise into the sky ahead, and to climb the former easily it is best to go round the tarn as far as the conspicuous stone wall that rises along its shoulder. The ascent is steep, but in half an hour one should set foot on its extensive, flat, stony summit. This is a wonderful viewpoint, because it reveals a magnificent sweep of the shattered eastern face of the ridge rising to Helvellyn, as well as a grand prospect down the long trough through which sparkle the waters of Rydal Beck, backed by the twisting stretches of Windermere. Its most surprising feature, however, is to the east, where its supporting slopes fall away precipitously into the crag-girt head of Deepdale. Cofa Pike is just to the left of it, and a track follows its crest up and down the broken rocks, ultimately leading to the grassy expanse of Deepdale Hause. The broad ridge of St. Sunday Crag rises ahead (Fig. 3) and a gentle ascent takes one to the commanding cairn on its summit.

I have walked over this fell several times, and I like it best in the late afternoon of a sunny day; for at that time it reveals a splendid vista of the long undulating ridge of High Street to the east (Fig. 4), backed by the Pennines which stretch right across the far horizon. The great temptation is to stay in this delightful spot and laze away the hours in welcome relaxation, but there is still a long way to go: first along the ridge to Thornhow End, with superlative views of Ullswater ahead all the time (Fig. 5), then down the sharper declivities of this eminence, which are so well wooded that it is necessary to pick one's way with care, and finally along the banks of the shimmering lake back to one's hotel.



5.—THE UPPER AND MIDDLE REACHES OF ULLSWATER, FROM THORNHOW END

# THE FRIENDLY HIND

JUNE nights in the north of Scotland are short, yet quite long enough for the deer poacher to take his toll of any deer unfortunate enough to be caught in the beam of his head-lamps. For the modern deer poacher is mechanised, relying on the immobilising fascination that a bright light has on deer to enable him to open the car window or sliding roof and take aim on the spot-it form. His deed accomplished, he and his companion have little difficulty in heaving the lifeless form, or forms, into the back of the car and speeding on their way before the sound of the shooting could possibly have disturbed any stalker or shepherd living in the vicinity.

A tragedy such as this must have occurred one June night in 1944, for on the following morning Miss Peggy Urquhart, the sister of Murdo, the stalker, found a tiny hind calf but a few days old standing outside their back gate. The calf was alone, and when Miss Urquhart approached her, lay flat on the ground, just as her mother had taught her to do when anything strange approached (Fig. 1). As there was no sign of a hind anywhere on the hillside, which was visible for a good distance behind the house, Miss Urquhart concluded that her mother's life must have been taken by poachers during the night, for their house was but a few yards back from the main road running north through this Ross-shire forest. The little orphan, therefore, was carried into a shed and given its first meal from a bottle. It was not long before the Urquharts became firm friends with their new charge, and whenever the calf thought danger was at hand, she would run to them for protection, even coming into the house.

At this stage of her young life she had no need for any real fears, yet she could never get accustomed to Murdo's collie dog. Even when she was two years old, although the dog had been daily in her view, whenever he approached, up would go the hairs down her spine, and, should he approach too near, a box on the head with one of her front legs would be the only welcome he received.

With human beings, however, she soon lost all fear, and by the time she was twelve months old would follow both the Urquharts about everywhere. By now she was no longer living in the hut, but leading a perfectly wild existence on the hill just behind the house. Yet she never wandered far away, and whenever she felt lonely would come wandering down to the house to see if her human friends were about, for there was nothing she liked better than to receive their affection. She was equally fond of the garden and found its produce far more tasty than anything she could possibly find up on the hill!

If no one else was at home, and she still thought a little human company would be nice, she would wander down the road until, perhaps, she would find some road-men at work and although, like the perfect lady she was, she would never fraternise with strangers without having been introduced to them by her guardians, she derived considerable enjoyment in sitting near by to watch them work. Her curiosity was great, and if anything at all unusual was happening near by, she would trot up to give it her personal attention. It was not surprising, therefore, that she found my stand camera a wonderful toy (Fig. 2), and, once she had discovered that a gentle push with her soft nose would send the "silly looking thing" flying, it was all I could do to persuade her that such drastic treatment was not good for it!

As far as strangers were concerned, one could never tell how she would treat them. In some respects she was rather like a temperamental child, and, if she liked you, would allow herself to be patted freely, and would repay the compliment by rubbing her head against you, or nosing you with her soft twitching nose. At other times she would reciprocate any amorous petting by suddenly jumping up and cuffing you with her fore-feet. Fortunately,



I found her in one of her most agreeable moods; she allowed me to pat her freely like an overgrown dog, but whether it was the staggy smell from my stalking clothes, or whether it was due to what was inside them that pleased her, I cannot say.

When three years old she was allowed to accompany Murdo when he went stalking, and it is hard to imagine a more rare spectacle than that of a stalking party, being followed a few yards in the rear by a hind! When the party sat down to spy she would lie down in the heather alongside, and even the sound of the shot and subsequent spectacle of a kinsman being galloched failed to arouse any fear or fellow-feelings within her, and she would even go and sniff around the entrails of the fallen monarch as though satisfying herself that the stalker had made an efficient operation of it.

In October of 1946 I was stalking on a neighbouring forest, and I was naturally very interested to see if any of the many stags which had chosen the hillside around Murdo's house for their rutting ground would persuade this young lady to join their harem. But no, and, as far as Murdo knew, she never ventured far from the house and was never seen in the company of other deer. In fact I was told that whenever a stag looked as though contemplating a date, she would run down to the house as though dubious of his intentions.

But only to deceive! Last autumn I had the exciting news from Miss Urquhart that her tame hind had had a son during the summer. What a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence this young lady had led in the autumn of 1946. By day she would accompany the stalkers to bring about the downfall of, perhaps, her husband, who had wooed her only the previous night.

It is an amazing thing how seldom a hind, when in season, fails to find a husband even though there may not apparently be a stag resident within many miles of her. One of the



1.—“WHEN APPROACHED, THE TINY CALF LAY FLAT ON THE GROUND”

Written and Illustrated by  
KENNETH WHITEHEAD

most extraordinary cases in this respect is told by Tom Speedy in his book *Natural History of Sport in Scotland with Gun and Rod*. He tells of a tame hind which was kept by itself in a small park within two miles of Edinburgh. The nearest deer forest was that belonging to Lord Ancaster at Glenartney—a distance of about fifty miles away as the crow flies. Yet by some means or other this hind was able to find a mate, and produce a lusty calf. Yet matrimony does not always come to those isolated spinsters, for at the present time there is another tame hind near Drumnadrochit which, although living within easy distance of stag ground, has apparently failed to find a mate during the last twenty years or so—or perhaps she has been barren all her long life.

Now that the hind had a son to care for, she was not nearly so confiding, and, although she did not desert the playgrounds of her childhood days, she never brought her calf down to the stalker's house, but kept the schooling of him to herself. Thus his hereditary fear for human beings was never broken down as hers had been by contact with them at youth, and he remained a creature of the wild. Yet if she had only known how shortly her son was to be an orphan, she would doubtless have remembered what good friends the folk that lived in the stalker's house had been to another orphaned calf only three years previously and told him so.

But she was not to know, and when it was noticed that the two familiar figures failed to put in appearance on the hillside for several successive days, fears for their safety grew. The mystery of their disappearance was soon solved. A hind's body, bearing traces of the poacher's hideous work, was found two miles away in the river running alongside the road, and almost immediately a calf, lost and distracted, returned to the hillside behind the stalker's house, so near and yet so completely out of range of all the cares that human kindness so very much wanted to offer him in his loneliness. A letter I received from Miss Urquhart informing me of her hind's death showed only too plainly what a great affection she had had for her pet. “We are terribly sorry for her,” she said. “She was such a faithful little beast and would follow Murdo and myself anywhere. Her baby calf is very lonely, knocking about on the hill by himself. I'm afraid he won't survive the winter—in fact, it would be kindness for someone to shoot him. How I wish I could catch hold of him and feed him, but it is hopeless trying, he is so wild.”

By Christmas the little calf had disappeared also, and it is probable that a wintry spell of snow and frost found him unprepared to face it alone.



2.—“SHE FOUND MY CAMERA A WONDERFUL TOY”

# LAUNDRY UTENSILS OF LONG AGO

By GRACE GLADWIN

**A**MONG the household tasks of ladies living in town or country in the 17th and 18th centuries was very fine laundering, a particularly important task at a time when there were no laundries. A delightful little book, now very rare, by John Neale, published in London in 1692, gives advice to a newly-wed gentlewoman on her household duties, which include clear starching, crimping, pressing, etc. Some 17th-century engravings and a few 18th-century paintings depict ladies performing these tasks.

Some of the articles used in olden times for fine laundry work have survived, but they are exceedingly rare and their original purposes have been a matter of conjecture. Paintings and engravings of the period, however, sometimes provide reliable information about the manner in which they were used.

Some time ago, when on a visit to an old Yorkshire house, I was shown two very interesting paintings dated 1735 which depicted a fashionably attired lady washing lace ruffles and using a table smoothing-roller. This consisted of a long roller which she rolled over the material, holding in her other hand a heavy bat-shaped piece of wood which rested on the roller, to provide the necessary weight and form a kind of table mangle. The paintings were of an ancestress of the family who had preferred to be painted performing her household duties rather than in the conventional manner. Other examples show ladies using a smoothing-iron, crimping the frills of a cap, and pressing lace ruffles in a very small press.

A Court lady records in her diary under the date 1734 that on a visit to Queen Caroline, wife of George II, she found her busily engaged in crimping the frill of a lace cap, and it is known that Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, was an expert laundress and laundered the smaller articles of lace, linen and muslin worn by her daughters. Advertisements also appeared in 18th-century newspapers offering to teach young ladies the fine art of laundry work.

Mr. K. W. Sanderson, Hon. Curator of Costume at Temple Newsam House and Leeds Art Gallery, has gathered together a most interesting collection of the various utensils used by ladies in the 17th and 18th centuries for laundering the small articles of costume in lace, linen, or muslin. This collection, which is said to be the only one of its kind in the country,



1.—A CAP-CROWN SMOOTHING-IRON OF ABOUT 1760. The baluster stem is of steel, the base of mahogany and the cap of brass

contains a number of articles in iron, brass, wood, etc., which have been gathered from all parts of the country.

A cap-crown smoother of the 18th century in the collection was used to iron out the round of the cap. It consists (Fig. 1) of a baluster-shaped stem of steel, surmounted by an iron knob with a brass cap and fitted into a mahogany base. It is 1 ft. 1 in. high in all. The creases were ironed out by heating the iron knob in a fire, replacing the brass cap and placing the cap over it.

The beautiful wavy edge of the frill to be seen in 18th-century paintings on the caps of the ladies or edging the breast opening of a gentleman's shirt, called a jabot, was obtained by means of a crimping iron known in Elizabethan times as a poking-stick. The crimping

iron was heated and thrust into a hollow metal tube on the crimping stand and the articles to be crimped were then wrapped round the tube. A crimping stand in the collection (Fig. 3) which, like the iron poking-stick preserved with it, dates from the early part of the reign of George II, has a domed foot and baluster stem, is of two different coloured brasses and belonged to a Miss Henrietta Stanlow, of Bath. The height of the crimping iron stand is 8½ ins. and the length of the iron 1 ft. 1¾ ins.

A great rarity in the collection is an oak scrubbing board of the time of Charles I (Fig. 2), of the type used by ladies for scrubbing the large linen collars and cuffs which were an important part of the costume of a lady of the period. Its length is 2 ft. 2 ins. and there is a handle at the back. A very similar scrubbing board is illustrated by Holler in an engraving dated 1641 which shows a lady scrubbing a large lace and linen collar.

Very little is known about clothes pegs of the past, but there is in the collection a mid-17th-century carved beech clothes peg, 4¾ ins. long, ornamented with narrow bands of holly-wood (Fig. 4), which well illustrates the attention paid by craftsmen in former centuries to beautifying everything that they handled, even the most ordinary articles. It was found under the oak floor of a 17th-century house a few years ago when the floor was taken up owing to the activity of death watch beetles. The excessive rarity of even early 18th-century clothes pegs may be due to the fact that much of the drying in the 17th and 18th centuries was done in the kitchen on frames consisting of a number of rods suspended by ropes from the walls and extending the full length of the room.

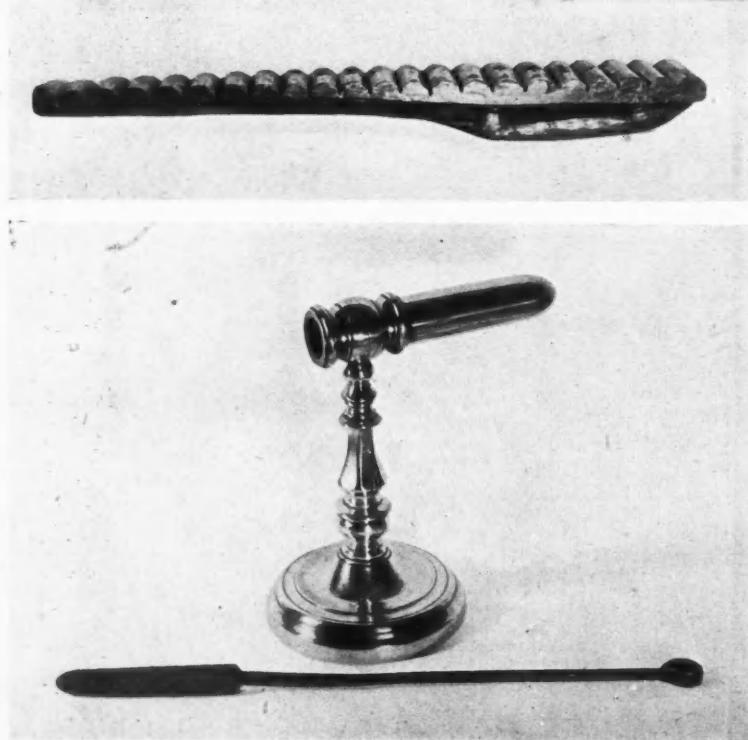
When the fine linen articles of costume worn in the 17th century had been ironed, a glass linen smoother with a frosted glass surface was used to impart a glaze to them, and one of a series of prints illustrating domestic life in the time of Charles II shows a lady using a linen glazer very similar to one, 6½ ins.



(Left) 2.—AN OAK SCRUBBING-BOARD OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I

(Below) 3.—EARLY GEORGIAN CRIMPING STAND IN TWO-COLOURED BRASSES AND CRIMPING IRON

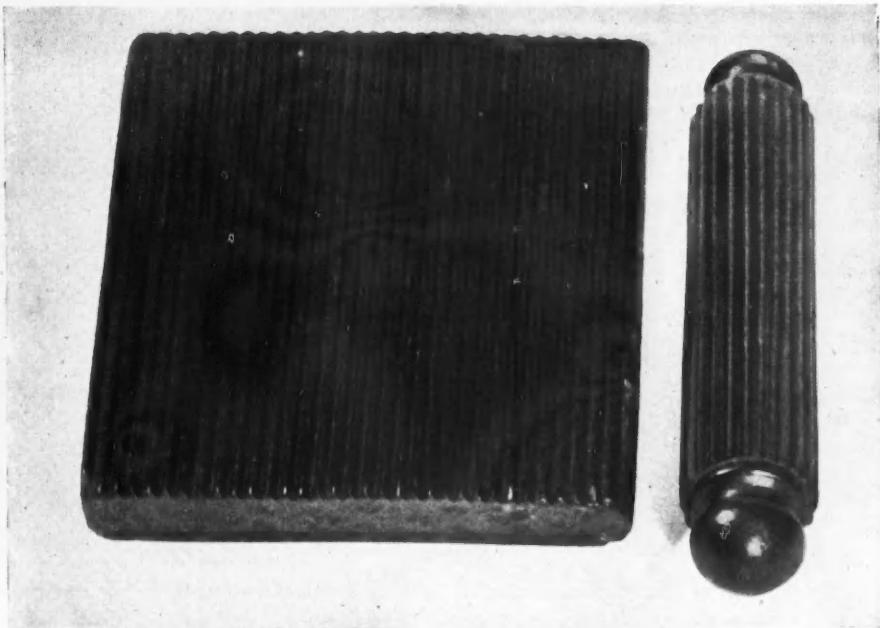
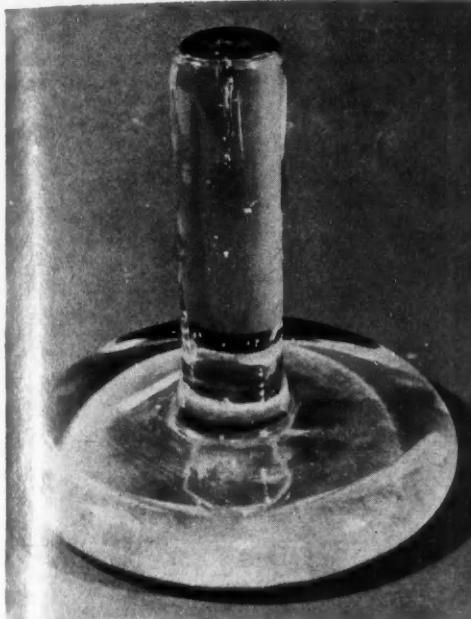
(Right) 4.—A MID-17TH-CENTURY CLOTHES PEG OF BEECH, BANDED WITH HOLLY-WOOD



high, which is in Mr. Sanderson's collection and is seen in Fig. 5.

The minute gatherings on shirt sleeves, baby linen, and other small articles of apparel in the 17th and 18th centuries have often been a source of considerable surprise. This finish was obtained in the 17th century by means of a gathering board and roller, of which there are examples, respectively 5½ and 7 ins. long, made of mulberry wood, of the time of Charles II, in the collection (Fig. 6). On the roller and gathering board are cut a large number of grooves; the linen to be treated was starched and damped, then laid on the board. After the roller had been rolled over it a number of raised grooves appeared on it; these were sewn together and the effect was a delicate pattern so minute that it can be studied only by means of a magnifying glass. An example of a child's shirt of the 17th century and a gentleman's detachable sleeve of about 1700 well illustrate this very beautiful gathered work.

When articles of fine linen, muslin or lace had been washed and starched, a table smoothing-roller consisting of a long and heavy wooden roller like a rolling-pin and a heavy bat-shaped piece of wood were used, as described above. A roller and a bat in the collection are of elm about 1 ft. 6 ins. long and dated 1712.



5.—A GLASS LINEN GLAZER OF THE 17th CENTURY. (Right) 6.—GATHERING BOARD AND ROLLER IN MULBERRY WOOD OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II

An article in the collection is probably unique, a pair of crimping irons. These had a dual purpose; according to early engravings they were used for crimping not only the hair but also the cuff ruffs which were an important article of dress in Elizabethan and early Jacobean times. The example (Fig. 7), which is 10 ins. long and was found behind some early Jacobean oak panelling at Leicester, dates probably from the late 16th or the beginning of the 17th century.

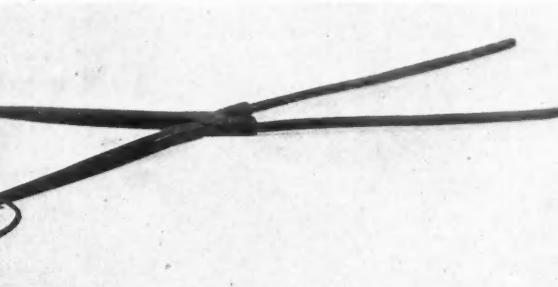
Although presses for the fine lace and linen sleeve ruffles worn during the latter part of the 17th and during the 18th century were made in large numbers, they are to-day extremely rare. The one illustrated in Fig. 8, which dates from about the middle of the 18th century, is of oak veneered with rosewood, with a small panel of very fine petit point in the middle and measures 9½ ins. long. The screws are of *lignum vitæ*. It was found with a pair of Mechlin lace ruffles in 1856 in a cupboard at St. James's Palace and may have been used by Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. It was in presses of this description that ladies pressed the beautiful ruffles that are so frequently depicted by Reynolds and Gainsborough. These, after being washed and starched, were placed in the ruffle press with which there was no danger of damaging the delicate fabrics of which they were made.

In the 18th century, utensils used for smoothing creases out of linen, muslin or lace similar in form to the irons used to-day, were called smoothing-irons, referred to in an old sailor's chanty, said to have been composed by a seaman called John Day about the middle of the 18th century:

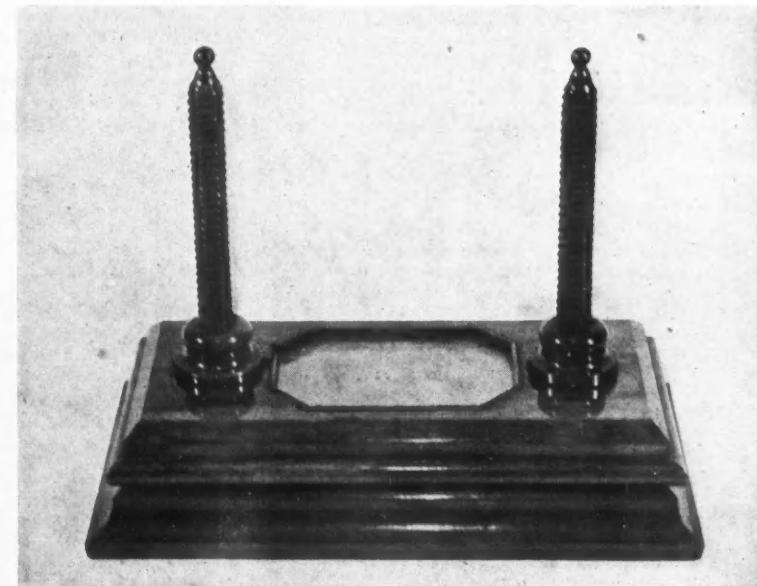
*Dashing away with the smoothing-iron,  
She stole my heart away!*

The more decorative type of smoothing-iron is well illustrated by the photograph of a child's smoothing-iron in early Staffordshire pottery which appeared in my article in COUNTRY LIFE of January 2, on children's toys; others were of brass with handles of beech or elm. A piece of heated iron was placed in the hollow body, or sometimes they were heated by means of cinders from the fire, like a warming-pan. There is a brass example of the George II period, with a handle of elm, in the collection at Leeds. In Victorian times the smoothing-iron was called a box iron and was made entirely of iron.

Starch used to stiffen the lace and linen ruffs and cuffs, or sleeve ruffs, as they were called in Elizabethan times, was obtained from the arum lily (lords and ladies), whose red berries are a familiar feature of our hedgerows in autumn, and it was from the root of this plant that starch was obtained. Starch was then known as Portland sago, since the arum lily was extensively cultivated at Portland. Queen Elizabeth and the members of her Court obtained their starch for their linen and laces from there.

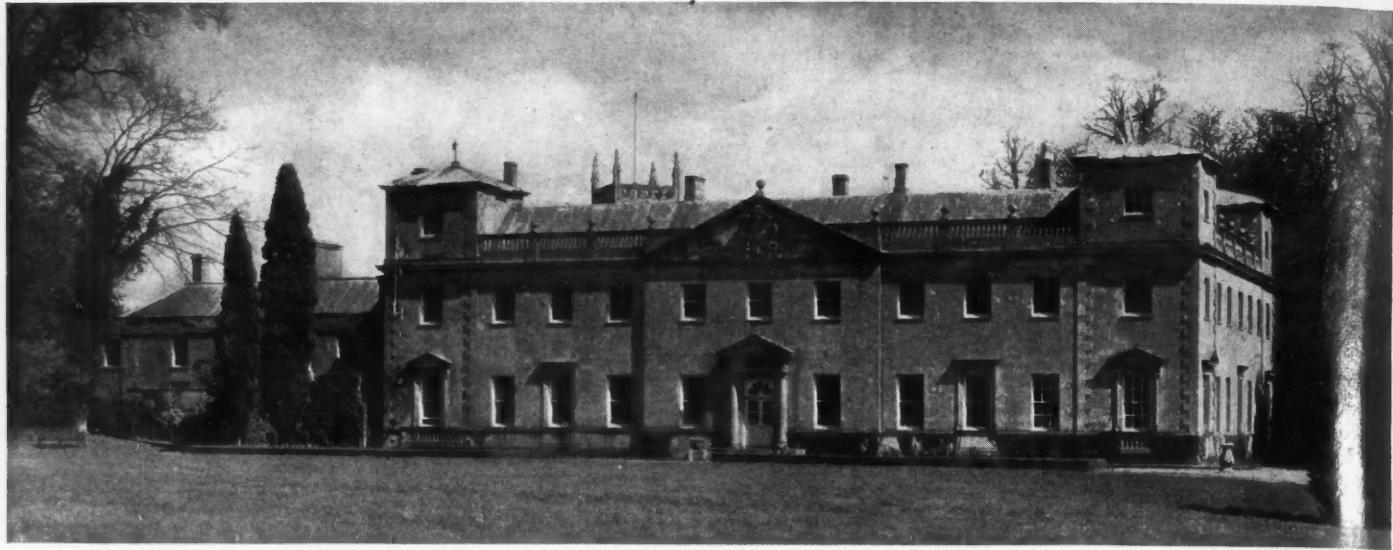


7.—IRON CURLING TONGS OF THE LATE 16th OR EARLY 17th CENTURY USED FOR CURLING THE HAIR OR CRIMPING SLEEVE RUFFS



8.—MID-18th-CENTURY LACE PRESS OF OAK VENEERED WITH ROSEWOOD, WITH SCREWS OF *LIGNUM VITÆ* AND VERY FINE PETIT POINT NEEDLEWORK IN THE MIDDLE

times up to the 19th century, was also used for this purpose, but it is said that one's hands became very sore before long from handling its roots. Soaps, both for washing and toilet purposes, were of various kinds, and were very often in the form of a ball; the newspapers of the 18th century contained many advertisements of them. In the late 17th and 18th centuries books were published containing information about household duties, and in 1792 one was told: "Be careful in choosing the oldest soap you can for that which is new made not only spoils the colour of the linen but also does not go as far." This book also contains instructions for "clear starching," and, as in other books of the period, there are recipes for taking out iron mould from linen, muslin, and lace. There is an interesting brass soap box, circular in form and engraved with various flowers, and the date 1707, in the collection. When discovered, it contained the remains of a soap ball with a faint violet scent.



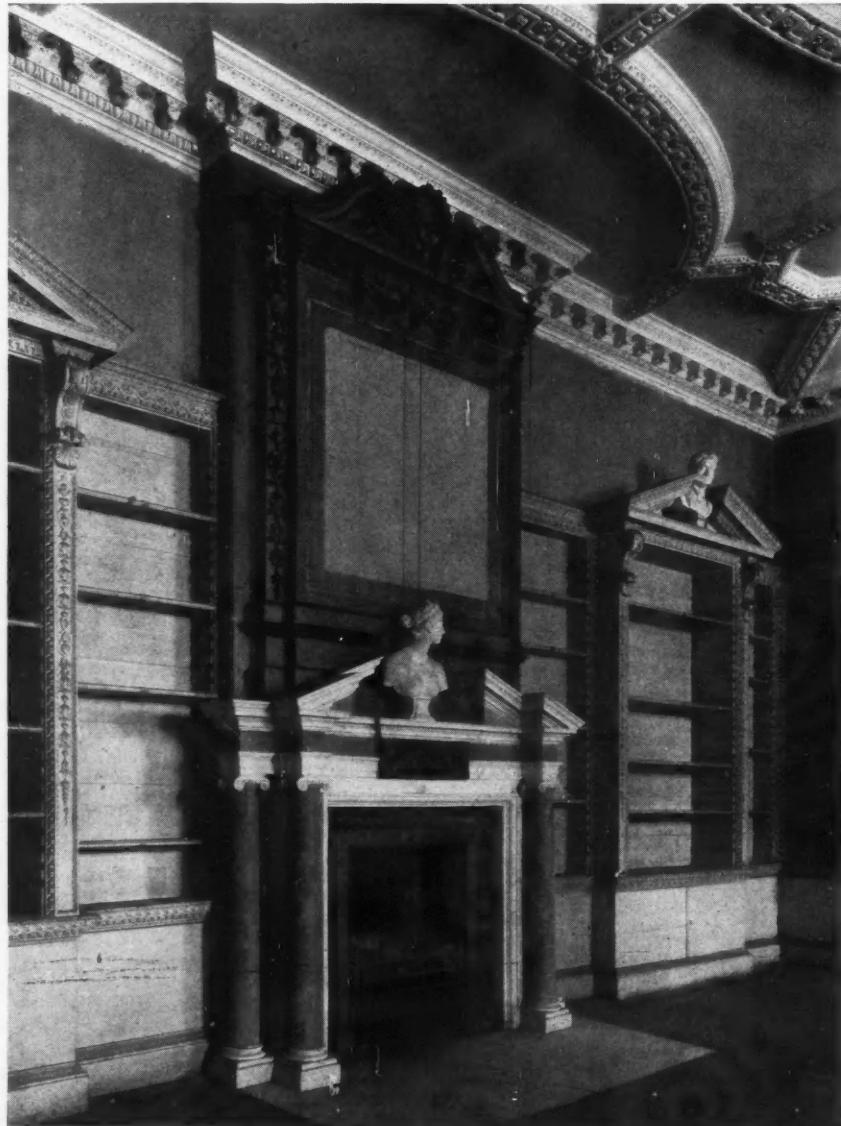
1.—THE SOUTH FRONT, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE WEST, KITCHEN, WING

## LYDIARD TREGOZ, WILTS.—II

THE PROPERTY OF THE CORPORATION OF SWINDON

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

*Largely rebuilt 1743-49 for John second Viscount St. John, the house contains outstanding examples of mid-Georgian decoration which fully deserve the preservation initiated by the Swindon Corporation under a scheme for establishing a social and cultural centre in the building*



2.—THE LIBRARY CHIMNEY-PIECE

THOUGH Bolingbroke himself had no direct contact with or influence on the rebuilding of his family home, it is impossible not to catch an echo, however faint, among Lydiard's faded salons of that sardonic voice, the evil genius of the Tory party; or to avoid reflecting upon the consequence to English architecture of his eclipse. As leader of Harley's Government that relieved the triumphant Marlborough of his command and largely sacrificed the fruits of his victories by its unilateral handling of the peace negotiations concluded at Utrecht, Bolingbroke stood for a *rapprochement* with France. Had his policy succeeded the inference is that the English Baroque tendencies in the Wren-Vanbrugh-Hawkesmoor school of architecture, reinforced by the personality of James Gibbs, would have been supplemented by a strong dose of French *Régence* and Rococo. Bolingbroke's flight to France in disguise, after Queen Anne's death, and collaboration with James III's "shadow cabinet"—provoking his Attainder as a traitor—discredited the Tories for a generation, confirming in office and wealth the Whigs with their Palladian puritanism. The respective architectural convictions of the two parties were immediately demonstrated by the dismissal of Wren from the Surveyor-Generalship, and more gradually by the fact that all important building between 1715-40 was directed by the Burlington-Kent group for Whig magnates, while Tories tended to make shift with existing buildings or modestly followed in the Wren tradition. The second Lord Oxford's Wimpole in Cambridgeshire represents the height of Tory performance under the first Georges, in contrast to the Whig manifestoes of Holkham, Houghton, Stowe, and the rest.

Bolingbroke's alliance with the Jacobites was the more ill-conceived since it was prompted by no enthusiasm on his part for the Pretender or Catholicism. Indeed, his clear and free-thinking mind was quickly disgusted with the priest-ridden make-belief of the exiled Court; and by 1725 his wife, deserted but devoted, had expended her failing health and fortune in effecting his reconciliation with George I. The Attainder was revoked to the extent of his rights of inheritance and citizenship, but not of his peerage. In any case, however, the family estates of Lydiard and Battersea, though settled

upon him by his grandfather, were still subject to the life-interest of his father who, as some consolation for the dishonour brought upon the family by his eldest son, had purchased the Viscountcy of St. John from the Whigs. It was in 1739 that Bolingbroke surrendered his reversion of Lydiard to his half-brother John, retaining only the Battersea and Wandsworth properties.

Had events turned out otherwise Lydiard would no doubt have been rebuilt earlier and differently. Actually Bolingbroke's architectural tastes were displayed at Dawley, the house near Uxbridge that he bought, with the help of his second, French, wife. There, giving up hunting (which he enjoyed) and establishing himself as a farmer and philosopher, with Pope at his feet and the friendship of Swift and Voltaire, he decorated his hall with "paintings of rakes and spades"—in the Rococo style?—and occupied himself with producing those pamphlets, including *The Idea of a Patriot King*, with which, more successfully than by his intrigues with Whig malcontents, he laid the foundations of his party's ultimate recovery. Had Dawley survived it might enlighten us how far the taste of the *Régence* would have been reflected at Lydiard and, indeed, have provided an alternative to Whig Palladianism as the Georgian idiom.

As it is, there is no sign of it at Lydiard, unless the restraint and definition of the exterior design, and the slightly Rococo elegance of the internal decoration can be

taken to reflect a Gallic strain in the younger St. John.

For the first Viscount, who lived to be a nonagenarian, had taken for his second wife the daughter of a M. Pelissary, of Louis XIV's Ministry of Marine, so that Bolingbroke's "brother Jack" was half French. The discredited statesman drew an unattractive picture of his half-brother in a letter written in 1744 to his half-sister Henrietta, the Lady Luxborough who befriended Shenstone. The passage throws light on his reason for surrendering his Wiltshire inheritance:

"I am glad to hear that my Lord St. John has done so much at Lydiard. I abandoned it to him that he might restore the family seat, and that by living there decently and hospitably he might restore the family interest, too much and too long neglected. He may perhaps do the first (i.e. restore the building) in time. He seems well pleased with what he has done, and vanity and ostentation may get, in some degree, the better part of another person's avarice, though it be as exorbitant as ever I heard of in any. As to the last, I doubt

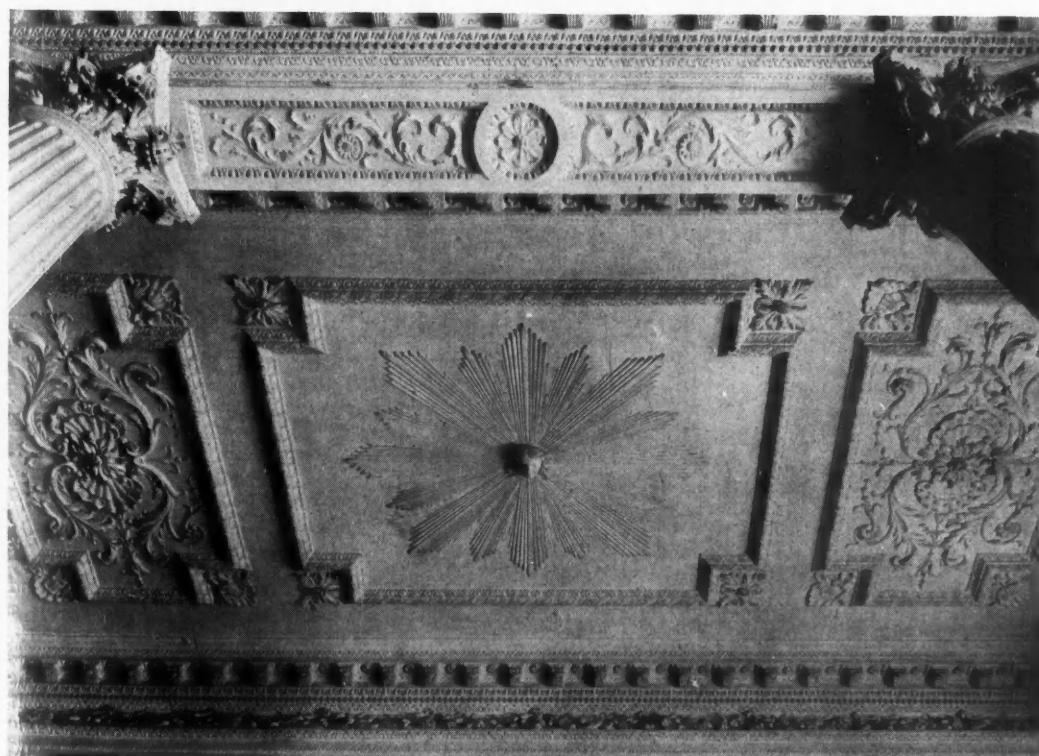
more of it. They have made themselves a proverb in the country already for their stinginess."

It is evident from other sources that the "other person" characterised by parsimony was Lady St. John, who appears to have been notoriously mean. She was the heiress of Sir John Furness, of Waldershare, Kent, and the inference clearly is that she refused to contribute all that she might from her fortune towards the rebuilding of Lydiard.

In the previous article it was indicated that the rebuilding was never completed and that possibly the design was altered in course of construction. Only the south and east fronts were rebuilt; the back of the house was left a patchwork of many dates, and the three angle pavilions, added apparently as after-thoughts, are mere shells. This can be accounted for by lack of adequate funds, the death of Lady St. John in 1747, and of Lord St. John in 1749, leaving an heir not yet of age. And it was pointed out that if, as there is some reason to believe, the architect



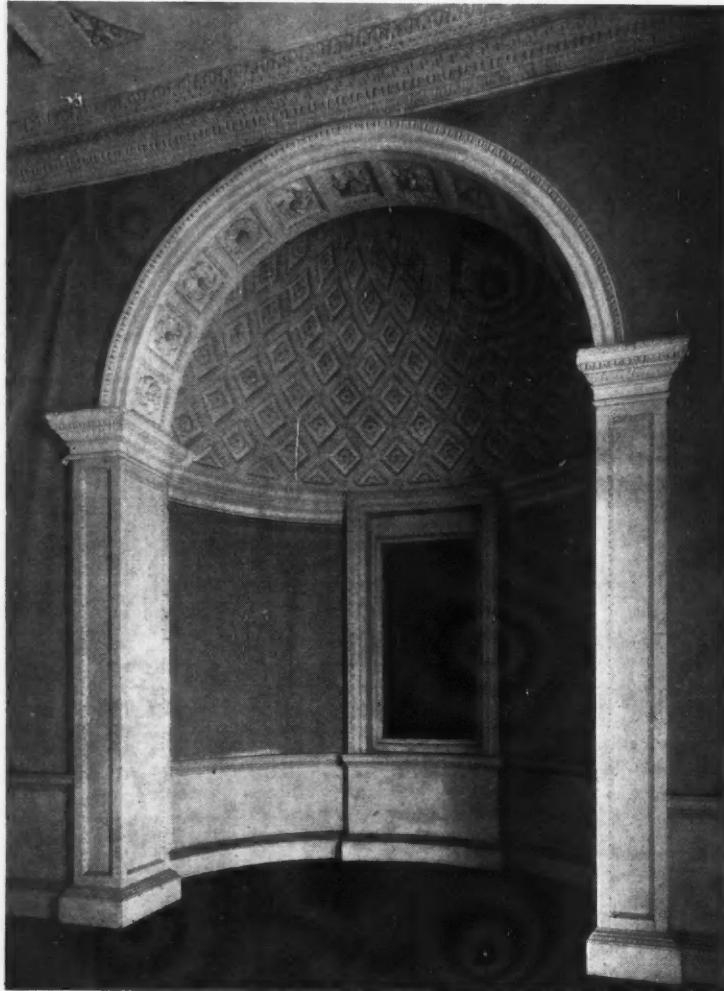
3.—PART OF THE BALLROOM CEILING



4.—CEILING OF THE NORTHERN SECTION OF THE BALLROOM



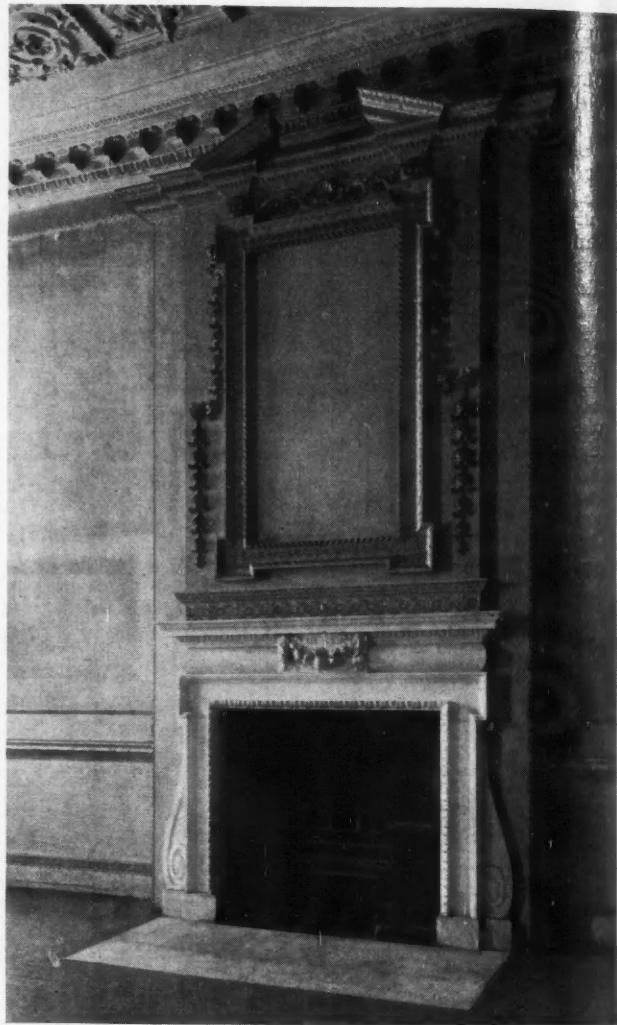
5.—THE CHAPEL CEILING



6.—ALCOVE IN THE CHAPEL

was Roger Morris, he also died in the first month of 1749.

Nevertheless the principal ground-floor apartments were completely decorated, and are exquisite examples of the taste and craftsmanship of the 1740s. By then the political distinction between Whig and Tory architectural allegiances had largely disappeared, though Tories tended to be the more conservative. To the left of the hall, which occupies the entire centre and was illustrated last week, is the library (30 ft. by 25 ft.) lined with a continuous arrangement of shelves accented at intervals by broken pediments which project slightly on plan (Fig. 2). Plaster busts of ancient and more recent philosophers occupy the pediment breaks, and the faces of the shelving are richly carved to patterns. The broken pediment motif is repeated in the fireplace of white and coloured marbles surmounted by an ornate overmantel. The ceiling has a design of broad ribs,



7.—CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE DINING-ROOM

moulded with a key pattern, consisting in a central circle with radials to semicircles and smaller octagons.

Right of the hall is a rather narrow dining-room, 18 ft. by 30 ft., with two columns forming a service division at its inner end. The walls are simply treated for hanging family portraits, and decoration is concentrated on a very graceful overmantel composition (Fig. 7).

Beyond, occupying the entire east end, is a grand suite consisting of drawing-room, ballroom and chapel. Both the former measure 30 ft. by 20 ft., and their walls above the dado have an old flock paper with a crimson damask design. The drawing-room has a ceiling of oblong divisions formed by straight ribs, their surface moulded as swags of fruit and flowers with a female mask at each intersection (Fig. 10): a design reproduced from one at the Queen's House, Greenwich. There are good entablatured door-cases, as in all these rooms, and the chimney-piece is a version of the pattern in which the imposts consist in cherub-headed terms (Fig. 9; cf examples at Chiswick House and Houghton). The ballroom is chiefly notable for the roccoco of its ceiling (Fig. 3), charmingly light and graceful, which, however, gives place to a more strictly architectural though equally sumptuous design in the space

beyond the columned screen at the north end (Fig. 4). There is (or rather was) an analogy to the two side panels in features of the library ceiling of Isaac Ware's Chesterfield House (c. 1750). Beyond the ballroom is a narrow apartment, 15 ft. by 10 ft., known as the Chapel, which has a particularly rich ceiling (Fig. 5), and an apse in its north wall (Fig. 6). The latter strongly recalls Kent's handling of the same motif at Holkham and Chiswick.

Too much importance need not be attached to these resemblances, most of which lie within the repertoire of the early Georgian purveyors of decoration. The chimney-pieces, for example, no doubt came from Carter's or another sculptor's shop. On the other hand, the analogies are definitely with London and not with any provincial centre; the execution is first-rate and the themes are not only consistent in each room but with one another, producing the impression that they were selected and combined by a knowledgeable and fastidious mind. Moreover, they all hark back to the first careful rapture of Palladian decoration (with the exception of one venture into Rocco), suggesting that the mind was that of an elderly man. The fine quality of the work throughout (until its hasty termination) has suggested the hand of Colin Campbell, who, however, died in 1729. It leads me to believe that it may have been that of the slightly mysterious Roger Morris. Not only does all the identified work of Morris possess this fineness of quality; he was a great Palladian frequently in Wiltshire in his capacity of professional "ghost" and executant of the "Architect" Earl of Pembroke at Wilton. Another of his patrons was the third Duke of Argyll, whose brother's intervention in

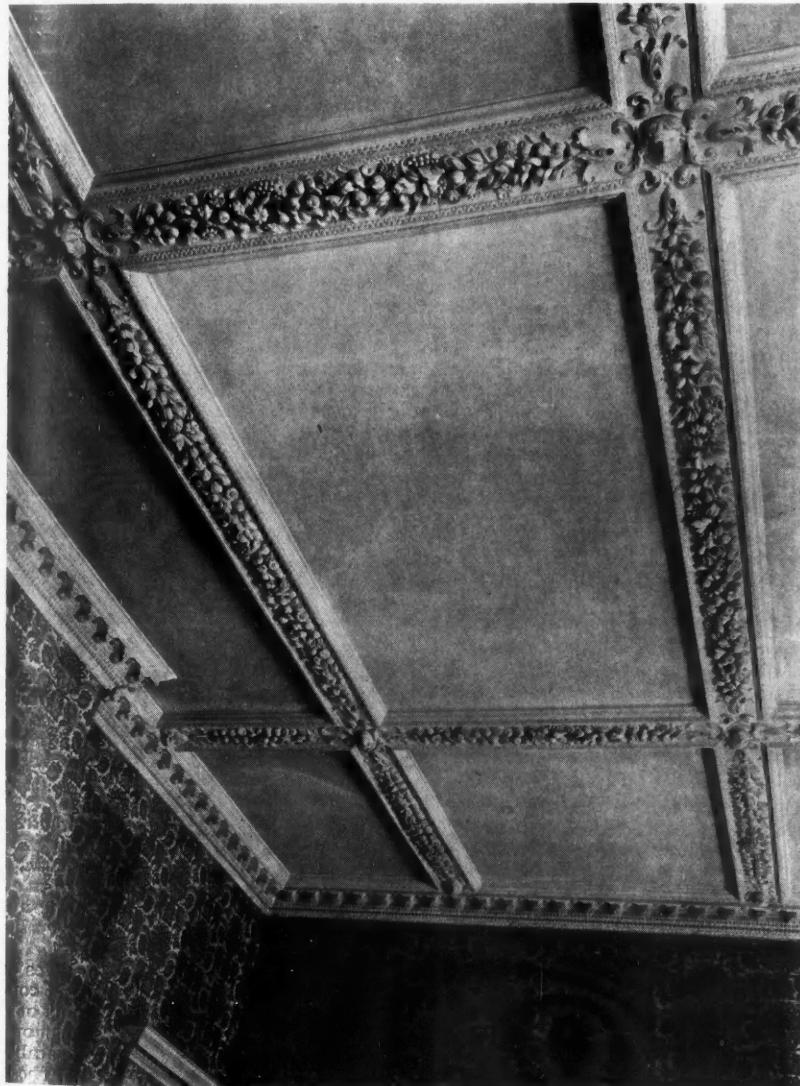


9.—CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

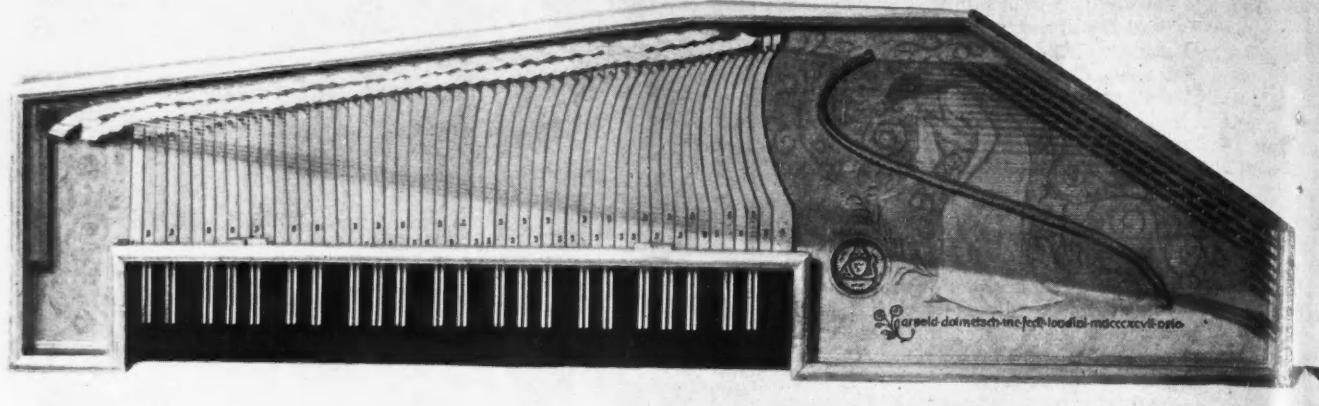
the Succession crisis of 1715 resulted in Bolingbroke's flight, and so may have brought him into contact with the St. Johns whose Viscountcy was acquired at the same juncture. The Morris-Wilton connection would also tend to account for the evident familiarity of the Lydiard decorators with the Kent-Burlington publication of *The Works of Inigo Jones*.

The boy who inherited Lydiard in 1749 also succeeded his uncle in 1751 as second Viscount Bolingbroke. His wife was the talented and uninhibited Lady Di Spencer, who ran away from him with Topham Beauclerk. Many of her clever drawings, still in Lord Bolingbroke's possession, used to be at Lydiard, together with the Stubbs pictures acquired by Mr. Hutchinson for the National Sporting Gallery. The third Lord Bolingbroke first married his tutor's daughter and later a German baroness, living much abroad. It must have been at his death in 1824 that many of the contents of the house were sold. A son by his first wife succeeded him and, marrying a Miss St. John-Mildmay, was probably responsible for the considerable additions and reconstructions made to the west side of the house. He died in 1851. The fifth Viscount died in 1893 aged 72. His successor, at that time a child of three, is the present Viscount and lived at Lydiard until the sale of the property in 1943.

The house has been twice damaged by fire, though the principal rooms were not affected. Apart from the subsequent repairs, no alteration and little maintenance of the building seem to have been undertaken. Consequently it remained devoid of modern conveniences, the roof has fallen into a deplorable state and dry rot has since been discovered in much of the woodwork. But for the timely intervention of the Swindon Corporation in acquiring the house, this historic example of Georgian architecture and decoration would probably have soon become beyond repair. Even as it is, the expenditure required is formidable. Conservative plans have been made for adapting the house to a centre for social and other conferences, with residential quarters in the west wing and upper storey, thus preserving the beautiful reception-rooms intact for meetings, lectures, etc. The view may be expressed that the highly commendable initiative of the municipality in preserving an outstanding historical monument for cultural purposes deserves substantial encouragement in order that the work of restoration, already begun, may be completed in a worthy manner.



10.—THE DRAWING-ROOM CEILING, A DESIGN REPRODUCED FROM THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, GREENWICH



1.—CLAVICHORD BY ARNOLD DOLMETSCH PAINTED BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

## THE MODERN CLAVICHORD

### ITS MUSICAL MERITS AND SCOPE FOR CRAFTSMANSHIP ◊ By PHILIP JAMES

THERE are three factors on which are based the popularity of the piano as a domestic keyboard instrument. First it can be made in a variety of shapes and sizes; secondly it is capable in its smallest size of a comparatively loud volume of sound; and lastly it remains in tune longer than any other stringed instrument.

Although the piano has achieved this position in popular estimation, one does well to remember that the piano and a pianistic style were consolidated by Beethoven only after keyboard music had been composed and

performed for over two hundred years. This music includes paradoxically the classics of the pianist's repertory and was composed for performance on instruments built on entirely different principles. These instruments included the group made up of the harpsichord, virginals and spinet, instruments in which the strings are plucked by pointed leathers or quills, and the clavichord, in which the strings are struck by thin blades of brass.

The rectangular mahogany instrument resting usually on a trestle or a frame with square tapering legs and frequently used in a disembowelled state as a sideboard or a dressing-table is in fact a piano, usually termed a "square" piano. The harpsichord, with its crisp, brilliant and penetrating tone is becoming increasingly familiar through its use in the performance of 18th-century music in radio programmes and by conductors who, in Bach's *Passions* for instance, seek to give a performance as far as possible in accordance with the composer's intentions.

The clavichord is gaining, however, an increasing number of adherents and deserves to be far better known and appreciated for its soft but pearly notes of exquisite quality. To ears dulled by the luxuriant opulence of the piano's notes, the delicate sounds produced by these small metal blades, known as "tangents," striking against the slender brass strings, seem gentle and distant, a lilliputian harmony, strange, beautiful and altogether ethereal. But the sound, though small and on a reduced scale, is capable of considerable dynamic gradation.

Further, the clavichord is unique among keyboard instruments, for, as on the violin or the guitar, a vibrato may be communicated to the string by a tremulous pressure of the finger. This is due to the fact that there is no intervening mechanism between the key and the string; merely the key-lever which transmits quite faithfully the slightest extra pressure and in so doing alters almost imperceptibly the vibrating length of the string.

In other words the tangent does not, like the hammer of the piano, strike a predetermined length of string but itself forms one of the ends of the section of string which produces the desired note. This technical characteristic, usually known by the German term *Bebung*, is referred to by Dr. Burney in a well-known passage describing a visit paid to Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach in 1772. Johann Sebastian's second son, in his book on keyboard technique, says, "I am of the opinion that a fine clavichord possesses all the beauties of the forte-piano and has in addition the *Bebung*," and it was his own use of *Bebung* which moved Burney to write:

"Mr. Bach was so obliging as to sit down to his Silbermann clavichord and favourite instrument, upon which he played three or four of his choicest and most difficult compositions with delicacy, precision and spirit for which he is so justly celebrated among his countrymen. In the pathetic or slow movements, whenever he had a long note to express, he absolutely contrived to produce from his instrument a cry of sorrow and complaint as can be effected on the clavichord and perhaps by himself."

For the keyboard player the clavichord is a splendid, one might say a necessary discipline. It has no pedals to sustain the sound and cover imperfections in finger-work. In the 18th century it was generally used for private study and practice, while the harpsichord with its greater carrying power was chosen for public performance; to-day in an age of small living-rooms and close quarters, it is ideal for the musician who desires to practise at night or for long periods without inflicting injury on his neighbours.

As the keyboard gradually spread beyond the usual five octaves of the 18th century, the clavichord was superseded by the piano. But contemporary composers should, as Mr. Herbert Howells has done, think of it as worthy of a new literature. They would find a ready response among the instrument-makers who are to-day producing clavichords comparable in beauty and excellence to the instruments of the earlier makers. These are not commercial firms or piano manufacturers but individual craftsmen engaged on producing every part of their instruments themselves.

An example of such work is the clavichord (Fig. 1) made by Arnold



2.—A MODERN CLAVICHORD IN A PERIOD SETTING

Dolmetsch which is now the property of Mrs. Lance Thirkell. This instrument, which was painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones for his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Mackail, bears noble testimony to the value of collaboration between the instrument-maker, the artist and the writer, the beautiful Latin inscription having been composed by Professor Mackail. It is still in the possession of the first owner's family, having been presented to Mrs. Thirkell on her marriage.

Much is due for the revival of interest in clavichord-making to Arnold Dolmetsch, who re-introduced it to the public at his well-known festivals of old music at Haslemere. Others have followed him: Henry Tull, Herbert Lambert, Alec Hodsdon, Thomas Goff and J. C. Cobby, who are known for the fine quality of their instruments.

The case of the clavichord lends itself to many varieties of decoration; it may be made of beautiful and rare woods, veneered in figured walnut, mahogany or satinwood and inlaid with box, tulipwood and ebony after the tradition of the 18th century. Alternatively the instrument may be adorned with paintings of mythological scenes or with decorative designs or lacquered and inscribed after the fashion of embellishment most popular in the 17th century.

The clavichord by Goff so veneered (Fig. 6) was made for Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, whose exquisite playing of the clavichord has so largely inspired the making of the instrument in this generation. Another clavichord by the same maker, belonging also to Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse (Fig. 5), bears some lovely lettering by Percy Delf Smith. Others by him have been painted by Rex Whistler and by Roland Pym in a style admirably suited to the nature and proportions of the instrument (Figs. 3 and 4).

Here there is wide scope for enterprise and for collaboration between instrument-maker, artist and patron, and such an instrument can be built to suit a particular style of interior architecture and decoration. They can be made either with the traditional rectangular case screwed on a trestle stand or in a smaller asymmetrical case which is easily portable. The music-maker can, therefore, visit his friends bearing his keyboard-instrument with him. If they are unduly piano-minded, let them remember the words of Schubart written when the piano was just displacing the harpsichord: "He who does not revel in noise, violence and uproar, but has a fondness for gentle intimate expression will shun the harpsichord and the forte-piano and will choose a clavichord."



3 and 4.—CLAVICHORDS PAINTED BY REX WHISTLER (above) AND BY ROLAND PYM



5.—IN GILT AND LACQUER WITH LETTERING BY PERCY DELF SMITH (Right) 6.—VENEERED IN BURR MAPLE, AUSTRALIAN CHERRY AND SYCAMORE AND INLAID WITH TULIPWOOD AND EBONY

The instruments seen in Figs. 2-6 were made by T. Goff

# THE CRAFT OF THE WHEELWRIGHT

Written and Illustrated by C. F. F. SNOW

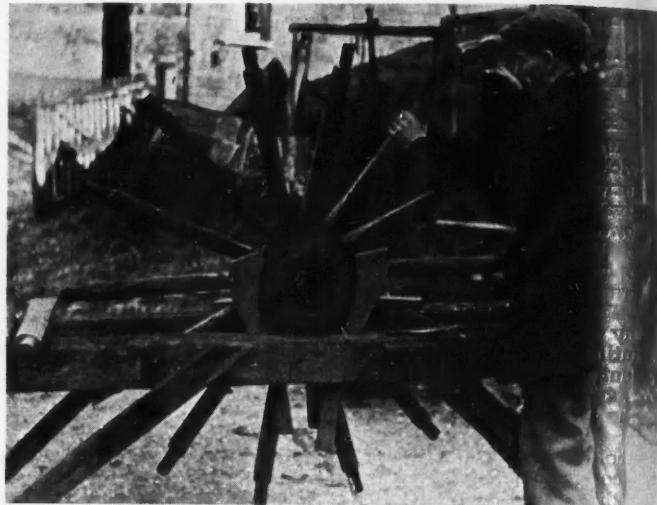


THE CURVED FELLOES THAT FORM THE OUTSIDE OF THE WHEEL ARE CUT WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED SAW CALLED A BETTY

(Right) FIXING THE SPOKES

The curious vice in which the hub is held is known as a wheel block

(Below) THE SPOKES ARE LEVERED INTO POSITION AND DRIVEN INTO THE FELLOES



ONE of the oldest established firms of wheelwrights in the south of England still carries on its business in a Berkshire village; here it has been making wagons and wagon-wheels, indeed carts and wheels of all types, for almost 250 years.

The shapes of our traditional farm implements have been gradually improved and perfected during the years, but nowhere is this gradual improvement, in which beauty and utility marched together, more apparent than in the wagon or farm-cart.

The first farm-carts were clumsy structures on solid wheels, heavy, cumbersome, and of very unreliable behaviour. From these crude beginnings grew the really beautiful wagons of the last century; high-built, with beautiful sweeping curves, chamfered and decorated, they were painted in bright colours. Though the shape varied, according to the wheelwright's own ideas, every wagon was specially suited to the kind of ground it had to pass over, or to the work it had to do.

The gaily painted wagons, drawn by horses agleam with brass, made a colourful picture on the country roads as they rode like gleaming galleons between the green hedges. But these wagons, beautiful as they were, are not suited to the tempo of present-day farm life. The demand now is for low, pneumatic-tyred trailers, strictly utilitarian with their straight lines and comparative absence of colour.

But even though the contemporary wagon may lack the lovely lines of its predecessors, it



lacks nothing in good workmanship if it is made in this Berkshire village, for a firm with such a long tradition of craftsmanship behind it would not break faith with the countryside by producing anything shoddy.

The making of wheels does not provide the wheelwright with as much work as in days gone by. The iron-bound, wooden-spoked wheels have been to some extent replaced by smaller wheels with pneumatic tyres, but there are still some new wheels of the old type to be made, and old wheels to be mended.

The wheelwright must always use well-seasoned timber, and the old wheelwrights often

used to lay down timber for their sons' use in future years. Wood which is well stored improves with age. The stock, or hub, of the wheel is cut from the tree trunk, roughly shaped and finished on a lathe. These solid hubs were often left to season for seven years before being used. The holes for the spokes are mortised, and in many cases the holes are made alternately, one a little in front of the other to give added strength.

The spokes are made of oak, and they are split to the right size, never sawn. This is to give greater reliability and strength, for although wood may be sawn against the grain, frequently causing a flaw, it can never be split against the grain.

The felloes, which form the outside of the wheel, are made of ash or elm. These blocks must be cut on the curve, and at this particular establishment, the work is done with a curious old saw of archaic pattern. The workmen call it a betty, but, old and oddly named as it is, it does its work well.

Usually there are six or seven felloes to a wheel, and two spokes are fitted into each. The holes in the felloes are made with a huge auger, then the spokes are levered into position and driven firmly into the felloes, and the felloes themselves are dowelled together. Each part must be rigid, and well fitted, or the jolting of the revolving wheel will cause them to become loose.



HEATING AN IRON TYRE SO THAT IT EXPANDS READY FOR FITTING TO A WHEEL. (Right) A RED-HOT IRON TYRE BEING FIXED TO A WHEEL. IT IS QUICKLY COOLED SO THAT NO DAMAGE IS DONE TO THE FELLOES



THE FINAL TASK. Specially made nails are driven in by the blacksmith. (Right) PAGES FROM A WHEELWRIGHT'S 18th-CENTURY ACCOUNT BOOK SHOW THE COST OF WORK DONE AT THAT TIME

When the wheel has been put together and planed, it is ready to be fitted with its iron tyre which has been made previously by the blacksmith. The tyre is a shade smaller in circumference than the wheel itself and, before being fitted, must be heated to make it expand. A fire of the odds and ends of wood and shavings from the carpenter's shop is lit and kept piled round the tyre until it has expanded sufficiently.

There is no time limit to this ordeal by fire, but a good wheelwright can judge the amount of expansion to a nicety. At the right moment the hot tyre is lifted from the fire with long tongs and is fitted over the wheel, which awaits it on a circular platform.

The heat of the iron burns the wooden felloes, but before any real damage can be done, the workmen are at hand with cans of water.

Clouds of steam blanket the scene for a few minutes, and when the steam clears, the metal tyre is snugly in its place and ready for nailing. Several nails are put in to make sure that the tyre is well and truly fixed. The nails used for this cannot be bought, so the wheelwright's blacksmith makes his own. It is the blacksmith who gives the wheel its final test, to see that all is secure.

The founders of the business were farmers as well as wheelwrights, so it is hardly to be wondered at that they understood and interpreted the needs of the farming community with such success. One of the most prized possessions of the present owner is an ancient account book, dating from the year 1732. It reveals the fact that they were butchers in a small way also, for the book records the sale of "a 12-pound sholder of mutton" for 2s. 6d. and

"a three and three-quarter-pound sholder of mutton" for 11s 4d.

The prices for wagons and general repairs were also modest. A new wagon was made for the astonishing price of 35s., while a new ladder cost only 2s. "For making a plow" 20s. 8d. was the amount entered in the ledger, which also details the making and mending of innumerable "spokes" and "sharps" (cart shafts) for a shilling or two.

A good wheelwright leaves his mark on the countryside in the number of his carts and wagons that are to be seen on the farms. They are his trade mark and his advertisement, and as such are always before the eye of his best customer, the farmer. Even though fashions change, the good wheelwright makes sure that the craftsmanship does not alter; it remains always the best.

## EASTER MEETING

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

FOR many golfers all over the country this will be a week-end of the Easter meeting than which there is no pleasanter golfing festival, essentially friendly and yet flavoured with a little stimulating spice of seriousness. It signifies several cheering things, such as the final departure of winter and the triumphant coming of spring, words to be set down with all manner of touching wood. It means the playing of a third round, or at any rate of those few more holes after tea which are so reviving to the spirits. And for many people it means the first game of golf by the sea after weary months of mud. If only the weather behaves itself, a proviso that must always be inserted, the player will be able to stretch himself on the short turf warmed by the sun, and so endure with comparative placidity the waggles and procrastinations and puts tried over again of those detestable people in front. The elder poets used to hail spring so enthusiastically in their verses because they had been so miserably uncomfortable all the winter, and the most prosaic of golfers feels something of their emotion as he steps once more on to the first tee of a seaside course.

\*\*\*

I have myself the kindest feeling for Easter meetings because one such provided the first competition in which I had ever taken part. Never until that moment had I tasted the mixed joys and pains of the card and pencil. It was the Easter meeting at Aberdovey in the early 'nineties, the very first meeting that the striping club had ever held. There were, as far as I remember, not more than a dozen or

so of competitors, and of those all but two either lived at Aberdovey or had already known it as a holiday home; but there were two strangers who came from the great outside world, to be precise I think from Purley, in a spirit of exploration. I can remember their names and their faces to this day. They were not great golfers by any means but very agreeable creatures, and we all felt immensely flattered that they should come, as it were, to our christening ceremony. They seemed like godfathers or even patron saints, and though they never came back we were always hoping that they would, and they lived long in our remembrance.

\*\*\*

I trust it will not be considered unduly boastful if I record the fact that I won the scratch medal with a score of exactly 100. I remember that after the first day's play my handicap had been put up, which was a sore blow to my vanity. I was burning to avenge the insult, and the scratch medal made amends for all. It was not actually a medal but a curly silver-plated candlestick tastefully entwined, as the catalogue probably described it, with a laurel wreath. I am not sure whether or not I won the foursomes; but I rather think so. What I do remember vividly is that we played them against Colonel Bogey and Professor Goblin, my uncle, a colonel himself, thinking with a possibly misguided sense of humour, that in a foursome competition Bogey ought to have a partner. I played in a good many Easter meetings there later on, and of one I find this ecstatic note in my diary: "Great field

day. Won three pots in one day!" But the laurel-wreathed candlestick far outshines them all in memory.

*'Twas my first-born and O how I prized it!  
My darling, my treasure, my own.  
Ninety-nine would have been better than 100,  
but one cannot have everything.*

\*\*\*

Spring and autumn are the right seasons for golf. Our ancestors felt this so strongly that they were inclined to put their clubs away at all other times of year; the Spring and the Autumn medals were their festivals. Both are ideal times for the game, and the spring is only the better of the two because it is the season of hope with an apparently endless vista of summer months stretching ahead. I recall that in one of the springs during war-time Hitler declared himself as feeling "so fresh." In spite of that he was not wholly successful, and this spring sensation of freshness does not always make us play well. It has been written in one of the wise books of old that "A natural born golfer is never more likely to produce a really brilliant game than about the third day of his resuming play after a month or more of abstinence from golf." That is, I think, true, and it is at least certain that, if things are going well with him, he will never play with a profounder sense of enjoyment than he does then. When he is in regular practice the act of hitting a series of good or pretty good tee shots may come to be expected and to that extent its pleasures will be discounted, but when a man comes fresh to the game the mere sight of the ball soaring away against the blue is half surprising and wholly delightful. He rejoices

openly in his strength, and, of course, the danger is that he will rejoice in it too much.

Another danger of Easter meetings may be described in Bobby Jones's *obiter dictum* that there are two kinds of golf, golf and competitive golf. The competition may not be "wery fierce"; the player may profess to think it no more than a pipe-opener before the real season's work begins. Nevertheless card and pencil, when they are in the pocket

again for the first time after an interval, are disquieting things. There is nothing as to which it is more true that practice makes perfect than score play. Nothing but practice can diminish that strain. There are some who write down their score in a horrid little book nearly every round they play, but it is another matter when somebody else is writing it down for them, an inexorable somebody, not amenable to the argument that a putt would have been holed if

the player had really tried. For my part I always thought that at Easter meetings the medal round in the morning was the powder and the round of the foursome tournament after lunch was the jam. The powder was eminently salutary and the jam might not have tasted so good without it, but could anybody doubt where the real fun lay? To-day I feel a cowardly relief as to the medal round, but I admit I am sometimes horribly jealous of the foursome players.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### EARLY BROOD OF PARTRIDGES

SIR.—At Kineton, Warwickshire, a brace of partridges were seen with a brood of eight chicks on March 1. This is the first time that I have heard of partridges breeding so early.—F. J. HORNE (Major), 263 Coy. R.P.C., Long Marston, Stratford-on-Avon.

[There are instances of broods of partridges being seen as early as March in exceptional springs, and in 1891 a brood was discovered in Northumberland in mid-January.—ED.]

### A SIAMESE TRIPLET TREE

SIR.—With reference to your correspondence about trees joined by the growing together of two or more of their branches, on Düsternbrooker Geholz, the delightful wooded hill which gives a magnificent prospect of Kiel harbour, there are two oaks and a beech joined together. Not only are they closely knit at the base, but about 10 ft. up one of the oaks has driven a graft directly into the main trunk of the beech, and higher up still a branch of one of the oaks has bonded with the main stem of the beech.—R. H. HERFORD, B.A.O.R. 36, Kiel, Germany.

### ARRIVAL OF THE WHEATEAR

SIR.—My sister and I saw a wheatear near here on March 14.—FRANCES E. PENROSE (Miss), Little Picket, Hightown, Ringwood, Hampshire.

[Wheatears were seen in Sussex on March 7 and in Cardiganshire on March 10.—ED.]

### SNAKE SWALLOWING YOUNG

SIR.—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, Major Jarvis, referring to the statement that snakes swallow their young when confronted by unexpected danger, remarks that the truth of the assertion has never been established, and that the general conclusion is that it is largely an old wives' tale. You may therefore be interested in the following occurrence in 1898.

When my father was visiting Syndercombe Farm, near Wiveliscombe, in Somerset, he came within approximately 10 feet of a snake with six young. They had apparently failed to hear his approach, and, upon his appearance, the young, one by one, disappeared into the mouth of their parent, which thereupon slid into a rabbit's burrow.—G. R. LOCKE, 3, Ashley Grove, Malvern, S.E.4, Victoria, Australia.

### ANOTHER OUTSIZE EGG

SIR.—With reference to the letter from Col. Pardoe in COUNTRY LIFE of February 13, asking if his hen's egg measuring 3 ins. long and with a circumference of  $7\frac{1}{4}$  ins. is a record, an egg laid recently by one of my Light Sussex/Rhode Island Red cross pullets under a year old was 8 ins. in circumference and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  ins. in length and weighed 7 oz.



A SLIPWARE DISH BY THOMAS TOFT, 1674, DECORATED WITH A REPRESENTATION OF THE FALL

See letter: A Thomas Toft Dish

This egg, when broken, was found to contain yolk as well as white, and a normal-sized pullet's egg (length 2 ins., circumference 5 ins., weight 2 oz.) which likewise contained both yolk and white.

The pullet is in a laying battery and is perfectly normal and laying the large egg has had no ill effect upon her. She has since laid a number of normal eggs.—W. M. GOOD, Sibson Manor, Sibson, Leicestershire.

[Mrs. K. B. Brown, of Glynde, Lewes, Sussex, tells us that she recently collected an egg about the size of Colonel Pardoe's, laid by a Rhode Island Red crossed with a Light Sussex pullet hatched in April, 1947, and found inside it a normal-

shelled egg and a liquid one, complete with white and yolk.—ED.]

### FIXING OF DECOY PIGEONS

From Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper.

SIR.—Have you or any of your readers experience of putting decoy pigeons up into trees to attract homecoming pigeons within gunshot during the evening flight? If so, is a dead pigeon, appropriately wired, or an artificial decoy, the better, and how should they be fixed and drawn up into the tree?—P. A. COOPER, Hexton Manor, Hexton, Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

[Dead pigeons, if used as soon as they are shot, are preferable to arti-

ficial decoys. Trees with branches convenient for climbing should be chosen, and a lad can take the birds up with him, affixing them to the higher branches by copper wire so attached to the body (head to wind) and passing down the legs that they assume a natural position. The birds should not be left unwatched, because of their liability to attack by crows.

An old method of fixing decoys mentioned in the Badminton Library was to cut a piece of thin meshed wire netting to the shape of a pigeon's body and enclose the bird in this, with wings close to the side and head erect. It was claimed that this saved a good deal of wiring, and that by the use of jointed rods pigeons could be raised to a good height without the necessity of climbing.—ED.]

### A THOMAS TOFT DISH

SIR.—I enclose a photograph of a remarkable Staffordshire slipware dish which forms part of the Hollings Collection recently given to Temple Newsam and Leeds City Art Gallery. The dish measures 22 ins. diameter and is inscribed *Thomas Toft, 1674*. Hitherto, I understand, only one dated dish by Thomas Toft was known, namely, one bearing the date of 1671.

The dish illustrated in my photograph is decorated in robust manner and covered with a yellow glaze, and delineates the Fall. Surrounding the figures of Adam and Eve are quaint birds and beasts of the Garden of Eden, and a winged creature—more sprite than angel—hovers above the hapless Adam. The oft-repeated head of Charles II forms an arresting border, but anyone looking at the dish to-day, while recognising Toft's stylised treatment of such features, will be excused a little merriment at finding Adam, Eve and Charles represented facially as almost exact counterparts.—G. B. W., Rawdon, Leeds.

### GEORGE III'S WHITE HORSE

SIR.—Ever since I came across this painting of a horse by H. B. Chalon I have been trying to find out all about it. With the help of friends I now know that the horse was a Hanoverian charger which King George III rode at reviews. The picture is signed and dated 1801, and was the subject of an engraving by H. R. Cook which appeared in *The Sporting Magazine* of 1808. It is believed that the picture was hung in the Royal Academy in 1801 with the title *Portrait of Beauty, One of His Majesty's State Horses*. Can anyone confirm this? And does any of your readers know where the picture has been for the last 140 odd years?—ARAMINTA LOW, 214, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1.

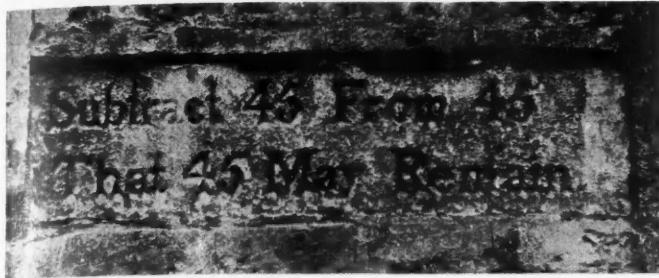


THE HANOVERIAN CHARGER RIDDEN BY GEORGE III AT REVIEWS.  
A PAINTING BY H. B. CHALON

See letter: George III's White Horse

### SMOKE AS HORSES' BAR TO MIDGE

SIR.—With reference to a recent letter in COUNTRY LIFE about a hunter that sought the smoke of a bonfire to counteract midges, last summer, en route for Wales, I passed a field in



A PUZZLING INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL OF A CHESHIRE HOUSE

See letter: Arithmetical Puzzle

which a bonfire burning hedge clipping was patronised in exactly the same way by two ponies, and watched them move with the smoke several times.

Returning a week later, I passed the same field just as the two ponies were being turned into it. This time the bonfire was at the opposite end of the field and they immediately made a bee-line for their smoke antidote to the insect pest.—M. HEATHER, Morningside, Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire.

**A FINNISH PRACTICE**

SIR.—In Finland it has long been the practice in the summer-time to milk the cattle in the smoke of bonfires, because they will not otherwise stand still owing to the attacks of mosquitoes.—OSWALD LEWIS, Beechwood, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N.6.

**DERBY WINNER OF 1834**

SIR.—I think there is no doubt that the chestnut horse in the centre foreground of Col. Browne's picture by J. F. Herring, illustrated in your issue of January 9, is Plenipotentiary (known as Plenipo by the Turf public and the "Ring" of that day) the 1834 Derby winner. He was by Emilius out of Harriet, by Pericles, the property of, and bred by, Mr. Stanlake Batson, who raced for many years, but about whom there is little known except that he was the last challenger (in the 'thirties) for the gold-mounted hoof of Eclipse presented to the Jockey Club by King William IV, to be competed for annually at the Ascot meeting by horses belonging to members.

Plenipotentiary traced back to the Darley Arabian in tail-male, through Eclipse, King Fergus, Beningborough and Orville, the sire of Emilius. Though a fine animal with a magnificent frame, he left no mark behind him at the stud, though a daughter, Potentia, won the 1,000 Guineas in 1841. In the Derby of 1834 he started at 9 to 4 against in a field of 22, was ridden by P. Conolly, and beat, among others, Glencoe, winner of the 2,000 Guineas and Shillelagh.

It is said that this victory was easier than that of any other horse in the Derby up to the end of the 19th century, but in the St. Leger, ridden by the same jockey, Plenipo finished last but one, having started at 11 to 10 on. The race was won by the mighty Touchstone, belonging to Lord Westminster and trained by John Scott at Whitewall, which started at 50 to 1 against and was ridden by a comparatively unknown jockey. Although Mr. Batson was acquitted of all blame, Plenipo

had been "got at," Conolly when mounting him describing him as "dead as a stone." He afterwards won the Craven Stakes as a 4-year-old, and in 1854 died at Denham, where he was at stud.—R. A. ANSLON (Capt.), Hurstmonceaux, Sussex.

**MYSTERY OF A KNOLE PAINTING**

SIR.—In the Leicester Gallery at Knole hangs a picture by Mytens of Lady Frances Cranfield, the heiress daughter of Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, who, in 1637, married Richard Sackville, 5th Earl of Dorset (1622-1677). Although I am assured that the fact bears no particular significance, I have never heard a feasible or satisfactory explanation of why, as can be seen in the accompanying photograph of a portion of the painting, Lady Frances is shown with a long strand of cotton wound round her wrist and her little finger and a plain gold ring on the thumb of her left hand. The gloves would also appear to have some significance. Has any of your readers any theory which would explain this?

This is, in fact, the Lady Cranfield who, on the death of her brother, inherited the considerable fortune and property of their father, which resulted in Copt Hall in Essex and its contents coming to the Sackvilles. The contents of Copt Hall include many of the finest pieces of furniture now to be seen at Knole, a series of historical portraits by unknown artists now in the Brown Gallery, and the

Mytens copies of Raphael's cartoons in the Cartoon Gallery.

Richard Sackville and Frances Cranfield had seven sons and six daughters. The eldest son was Charles, the 6th Earl, "one of the most jovial and debonair figures in the Knole portrait-gallery," who "ended his life in mental and moral decay with a squalid woman at Bath."—L. G. G. RAMSEY, The East India and Sports Club, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE**

SIR.—Your recent correspondence about puzzling inscriptions on walls prompts me to send you this photograph of an inscription on the house of Thomas Francis, an 18th-century stonemason, at Bebington, Cheshire.

The puzzle is a straight-forward one, based upon addition and subtraction, and should not present much difficulty to your readers, although I believe it caused quite a number of frowns in Thomas Francis's day.—ARITHMETICIAN, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

**A YORKSHIRE EASTER CUSTOM**

SIR.—Although the Easter ceremony of pace-egg is rapidly dying out, the Yorkshire village of Midgley, near Halifax, still keeps up its traditional performances of the pace-egg play every Good Friday, when people come from all parts of the West Riding to see the age-old play of King George and his various opponents.

The play itself, several performances of which take place during the day, is yet another version of the ancient mummers' play, acted in many parts of the south at Yuletide, and, although performed by youths of the neighbourhood, is now acted by schoolboys. Time was when the actors asked for gifts of eggs, but to-day money is solicited from the spectators.

The costumes worn are modelled on those of ancient times and the accompanying photograph shows King George and, on his right, the Black Prince of Paradise.—S. M. Bolton-le-Sands, Lancashire.

**HAM HOUSE: A SALE PREVENTED**

SIR.—The munificent gift of Ham House to the National Trust by Sir Lyonel Tollemache, referred to in your article of January 30, may well have involved lengthy legal processes owing to the complicated tenure by which parts of the property have been held by the Tollemache family, so I have always understood. I am not sure of their precise nature, but my father, who used to stay at Ham about a century ago, sometimes told me how these complexities had preserved the property from being dismembered at a time when the estate had

been heavily mortgaged. In view of the remarkable way in which this wonderful old house has been kept intact for 300 years, and is so to continue, I feel that the part played in its preservation by my father's friend, Algernon Tollemache, should be put on record. For it was he, so I have understood, who prevented the mortgagees from foreclosing and selling the property, by discovering the legal obstacles. I remember him as an eccentric but



KING GEORGE AND (right) THE BLACK PRINCE OF PARADISE, CHARACTERS IN THE PACE-EGG PLAY PERFORMED AT EASTER IN THE WEST RIDING VILLAGE OF MIDGLEY

See letter: A Yorkshire Easter Custom

exceedingly shrewd old man—a younger brother of the then Earl of Dysart—who amused me by, among other things, saying that he never brushed his clothes because he thought it tended to wear them out, but that when necessary he hung them up and beat them.

At Ham, when the mortgagees were about to foreclose, he apparently studied the deeds of tenure and ascertained that there were certain plots of ground close to the house which, as they were held under some different title, the mortgagor had no power to include in the mortgage. He pointed this out to the family's solicitor, who considered it of no significance. However, Algernon insisted on the point, which proved well founded, being taken; and proceeded to threaten that, if the attempt to sell the house was proceeded with, he would fence off these plots and publish that they were not included in the sale. As this would have made the property quite unsaleable, its dispersal was averted and some more satisfactory way out of the difficulty was arranged. But for Algernon Tollemache's sagacity and insistence, however, Ham House and the adjacent land would not have been preserved to be the national heritage that they have now become.—E. W. HUSSEY, Scotney Castle, Lamberhurst, Kent.

**DATE OF THE STAIRCASE**

SIR.—I can now throw light on the date of the staircase at Ham House, which has always perplexed historians. Shortly before my cousin the late Lord Dysart's death, we came across a bill drawn to a man named Kinsman and dated 1638 for



DETAIL OF PART OF THE PORTRAIT OF LADY FRANCES CRANFIELD IN THE LEICESTER GALLERY AT KNOLE

See letter: Mystery of a Knole Painting



BUFFALOES GRAZING, ATTENDED BY EGRETS, AND (right) LYING IN A POOL AFTER WORKING IN THE FIELDS IN CEYLON

See letter: *Buffaloes and Egrets in Ceylon*

the plasterwork about the "new great stairs," and of the original dining-room, now the Round Gallery. Since the under-surface of the staircase has enriched plasterwork, it would therefore seem that the carved and pierced balustrade must be of the same date, and thus be due to William Murray, later first Earl of Dysart, soon after he converted the copyhold into a freehold. —LOUISA HACK, *Tunbridge Wells, Kent.*

[The difference in tenures discovered by Mr. Algernon Tollemache may be to some extent explained by a plan of the garden at Ham, c. 1620, among the Smithson drawings, and by the fact, referred to in *English Homes*, IV, that Sir Thomas Vavasor had held the site that he acquired for the house by copyhold tenure. This area is no doubt that shown on the Smithson plan, which indicates that it comprised only the north forecourt as far as the river and the south lawn, in addition to the house. When property and garden were extended by the first Earl of Dysart, the increased area will have come under another deed of tenure. Thus it would have been quite possible for the mortgage to have been so drawn, by oversight or otherwise, as to apply, strictly, only the original

Since these are akin to those in the Lauderdale rooms, they may have been added at the time of the later work (after 1672). —ED.]

#### FOR HEAVY AND FOR LIGHT WORK

SIR.—I enclose photographs of two rather unusual implements in the Tickenhill Folk Museum at Bewdley, Worcestershire. The one depicts a double-handled beetle for use by two men working in unison, at stake-driving, the other a locksmith's fiddle-drill and breast-bib. The bib (right) is placed on the chest of the operator, one end of the drill (middle) fits into one of the shallow depressions in the middle of it and the other on the plate to be pierced. The drill is held in position by pressure on the part of the workman and the bow (left) is then drawn across the reel-like portion of the drill, causing it to revolve.—ALLAN JOBSON, 21, *Crown Dale, S.E.19.*

#### BUFFALOES AND EGRETS IN CEYLON

SIR.—Ceylon's water buffaloes, even when domesticated, can be ferocious, especially when suddenly alarmed by

a strangely dressed person moving along an accustomed path through the fields or jungle. For this reason, when tame buffaloes are let out to graze in the countryside, they are tied up in pairs, to reduce the risk of their attacking unsuspecting passers-by.

A remarkable thing in the life of the animals is that when they are grazing they are followed by birds such as mynahs, pond-herons, and egrets. These birds, being feeders on grasshoppers and other insects lurking among the coarse grasses or herbage, cannot by themselves flush the insects they are after. So, like the white egrets illustrated in one of my photographs, they precede or follow the lumbering beasts in order to catch the insects disturbed by them.

In return, as it were, for this help the birds are often of great use to the animals, for, settling on their backs, they peck off the ticks and mites which suck their blood. This symbiotic arrangement, apart from the great interest it creates to the naturalist is of great use to the agriculturist, to whom the value of the buffalo is incalculable.

This picture of buffaloes and egrets was taken recently on a grass-covered and weed-infested ground bordering the jungle and alongside the long runway of the Hingurakoda aerodrome in Ceylon, whence, during the war, Lord Mountbatten's 'planes



A DOUBLE-HANDED BEETLE AND (right) A LOCKSMITH'S FIDDLE-DRILL AND BREAST-BIB

See letter: *For Heavy and for Light Work*

copyhold tenure; in which case Tollemache could have succeeded in cutting off all access to it except by river.

Miss Hack's letter has important bearing on the chronology of Stuart art forms. If the pierced balustrade of the stairs at Ham is indeed contemporary with the ceiling, the date of a type of work hitherto always regarded as typical of the Restoration period is brought forward by 20 years. But the ceilings now dated 1638 are even more significant, for they are of the Palladian type with large architectural divisions enriched with guilloche ornament: the type introduced by Inigo Jones and notably used at Coleshill by Roger Pratt c. 1650. Both ceilings at Ham are of the same type, except that that of the Round Gallery carries floral wreaths in addition.

took off to Burma to bomb the Japanese.

A common habit of these buffaloes is that, when they are let loose after grazing or working in the fields, they invariably take to the water, preferring a mud-hole or pond, in which they lie during the heat of the day, presumably to make themselves immune from the attacks of biting flies and other insects. My second picture shows such a scene alongside a rice-field in a village many miles from my town.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, *Batticaloa, Ceylon.*

#### HOMING INSTINCT OF DOGS

SIR.—With reference to your correspondence about the homing instinct of dogs, I was once staying in Chester, awaiting the arrival of a friend and her dog with whom I was going for a walking holiday. They arrived one evening and the next morning we set off, leaving the house by the back entrance, which was a door, identical with several others, set in a long, high garden wall backing all the houses in the same road.

A week later we got back to Chester and, when we were walking home, well after dark, Bob, the dog, ran on ahead and was lost to sight in the darkness. I remarked to my companion: "I wonder if we shall find Bob sitting outside No. 35 waiting for us." She replied that that would really be too much to expect. But when we arrived, sure enough Bob was there, right outside the back entrance, waiting.

This was his first visit to Chester (indeed, a first visit for all of us, and we ourselves could not have identified the door without a torch to show us the number) and the quantity of rain which had fallen that week was sufficient, I should think, to have eliminated our scent.

I sometimes think that we unconsciously impress our personalities upon the places we stay in, which dogs, with their sixth sense, can "tune in" to and recognise as "home." —MARGERY SMITH (Miss), *Allen's Close, Chalford Hill, Stroud, Gloucestershire.*

#### GREENWICH MERIDIAN

SIR.—I enclose a photograph of the Meridian Monument on the edge of the cliff at Peacehaven, near Brighton. This monument is reputed to be the only one in the world actually set on the

Greenwich Meridian Line, which is marked by a strip of concrete at its base.

Peacehaven is, of course, situated on this imaginary line, and a list of places all over the world with their respective distances and azimuths are engraved on the stone.—P. H. LOVELL, 28, *Albury Drive, Pinner, Middlesex.*

#### LONG-HEADED AXES

SIR.—The long-headed axe mentioned by Mr. Aubrook (February 6) may have been made by Carters, of High Burton, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire. Edge tools made by them were much used in the North fifty years ago, when I first commenced using axes.

I use an axe 15 inches long and 3½ inches wide, which originally weighed 7 lb. It is the handiest axe I have ever used. The shorter, broader axe much used to-day came originally from America, where the design of axes was influenced by the fact that they were to be used on soft woods. Many woodmen to-day cannot use a long axe.—ALFRED G. ROBINSON, 18, *Newlay Lane, Horsforth, near Leeds.*

**Home-grown Tobacco.**—It is proposed to form an Association of people in this country anxious to grow and cure their own tobacco. Anyone interested should write to Mr. Hugh Cuthbertson, Titly Abbey, Dunmow, Essex.



THE MERIDIAN MONUMENT AT PEACEHAVEN, SUSSEX

See letter: *Greenwich Meridian*

*All over the world*



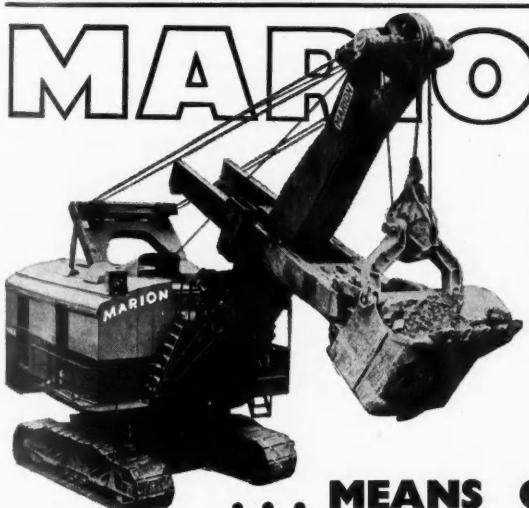
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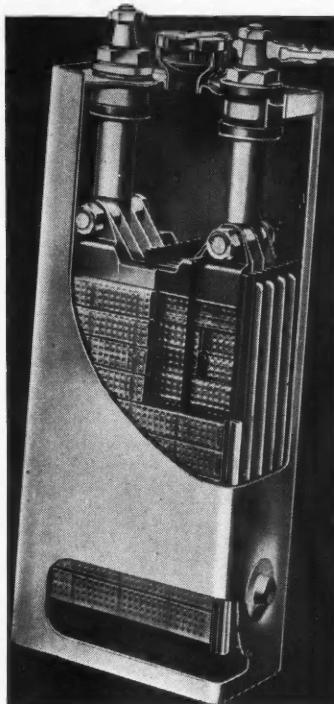
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## NEW BOOKS

## WHERE IS MANKIND GOING?

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE days we live in cause many men to re-examine their beliefs, to re-state them in new terms, to abandon some, to accept others which they now conceive to be the truth, though once they would have denied it. Here, for example, are Dr. C. E. M. Joad and Mr. J. Middleton Murry. Dr. Joad has clearly for some time been moving nearer to accepting the religious view of life. In *Decadence* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) he moves beyond humanism and that sort of Shavian deism which tells us that God is what man can make of him, and declares forthrightly: "Man seems to me to be

one in which the 'object' is lost or in which its character of independence is denied, with the result that value, instead of being recognised in the object known, is appropriated by the knowing mind and so becomes identified with the experience of the knower." On the other hand, "a decadent community is one which is conscious of the spiritual order of the universe, more particularly as it manifests itself in values. Inhabitants of this order are God and the values in which God expresses and manifests Himself: namely, truth, goodness and beauty."

**DECADENCE.** By Dr. C. E. M. Joad  
(Faber, 12s. 6d.)

**THE FREE SOCIETY.** By John Middleton Murry  
(Dakers, 12s. 6d.)

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for a few  
whose standards  
endure . . .*





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sinful and, in part, evil, and his nature contains no necessary assurance of increasing reasonableness and righteousness. Also, I do not think that he can advance as a reasonable and spiritual, that is to say, as a distinctively *human*, being except help be given to him from outside. Man's further advance depends, in fact, upon the inpouring of grace which is vouchsafed to him by the divine author of his being."

## PACIFISM DISCARDED

Mr. Murry, for long one of the most convinced of pacifists and one of the most persuasive of pacifist writers, declares in *The Free Society* (Dakers, 12s. 6d.): "With this book I discard my pacifism." Moreover, with the eagerness of a convert, Mr. Murry wants war now. The point he makes is that to renounce war is not enough: war must be abolished. Of course, to some people, each successive war is a "war to end war." Mr. Murry thinks that the phrase now has sense; that all the nations except Russia want to end war; that Russia does not want to end war until she has achieved world dominion; that this world dominion (even if it could be achieved without the destruction of the human race) would be inconceivably disastrous for humanity; and that therefore the other nations, acting as a world authority, should invite Russia to come in, and, if she refuses, compel her to come in. "It is obviously better, morally and materially, to take the initiative in such a situation. The initiative offers a chance of liberation: to wait merely means a perpetuity of enslavement. The crucial question is whether the initiative will be taken in time, whether the technological superiority remains with the free societies." Mr. Murry finished writing the book in February of last year. The annexation (it is nothing else) of Czechoslovakia and other events which have happened since then give it an added urgency.

The general outlook of these two writers has something in common. What does Dr. Joad mean when he talks about decadence and tells us that we live in a decadent age? Let him speak for himself: "A decadent age

Now what do these two definitions, of decadence and non-decadence, come to? Simply this: that there are standards, immutably fixed, which men ignore at their peril. What Dr. Joad calls "the object" is not beauty, truth, goodness, as he conceives it or as I conceive it, so that he may conceive one thing, and I another, and perhaps both be wrong. It is literally something outside, which was there before he or I appeared on the scene, will be there when we are gone, and, indeed, exists altogether independently of human apprehension. All that the human being can do is, when in a state of grace, to act as a conduit through which some part of this everlasting reality may become apparent.

## STATE INFALLIBILITY

The whole of Dr. Joad's book is, in effect, an elaboration of this point of view. Its enormous significance is at once clear, for if we do not accept the existence of standards outside self, then the self of each is at liberty to declare itself infallible. Totalitarianism is state infallibility. There is no "object"; there are no eternal outside standards to which the citizens of a state may refer. They must accept what they are told. Truth has been easily captured; there it is, like a butterfly in a case, fixed for all time—and for all time dead.

It is not only in the totalitarian state that "dropping the object," as Dr. Joad calls it, is to be found. He thinks it "the distinctive heresy of our age," and his examination of its prevalence is, in fact, conducted mainly within the confines of our own country. He pursues this heresy-hunt through our literature, music, art, architecture, psychology, and finds us dangerously addicted to throwing overboard the safeguarding and necessary reference to eternal standards outside self.

Dr. Joad is deeply dissatisfied with philosophies which do not give men "principles to live by and purposes to live for." He sees a danger in the climate of our time, which is predominantly scientific, because scientific thinking tends to make men accept as the standard of reality "only those things that we can see and touch

and the things which are like unto those that we can see and touch." This is why "socialist Russia is at once an object lesson and a warning." He believes that "any experiment in Socialism which omits to make provision for the existence and needs of the spirit" will simply "make it possible for more men to enjoy a vulgarised version of the old life."

It is significant of the gravity of our times that both Dr. Joad and Mr. Murry come up against the question: Has man turned out so badly that God must wash His hands of him? Dr. Joad's conclusion is: "If God created man for a purpose, then man must, he would think, continue to evolve and develop beyond his present stage. . . . It is hard to see how a divine purpose could fail. If, however, man's evolution is to continue, then some means must be found of arresting those tendencies towards a growing uniformity of mind and behaviour and impoverishment of spirit, coupled with an ever-increasing development and organisation of the material side of life, which I have called 'the advance to insecthood.' It is, alas, not easy to see what form the means could take."

#### "ACT NOW AGAINST RUSSIA"

The "advance to insecthood" in Soviet Russia is the thing which most deeply alarms Mr. Middleton Murry, and its spread into Russia's neighbourhoods is the warning bell which makes him call imperatively for action now. He considers the possibility, which has been advanced by Professor F. A. Hodges, that what has happened in Russia is "a mutation, as distinct from a variation, in the human type." However it may be described, Mr. Murry sees it as "an accumulation of conscienceless power" which threatens the existence of all free societies and against which they must act or succumb.

What is at stake is that same "objective value," the something beyond self, that Dr. Joad expounds. One quotation from Mr. Murry will make clear the identity of view on this point. Speaking of the Bolsheviks arraigned in the "purge-trials" of 1937, he says: "They had proclaimed the moral autonomy of the functional and organic Communist society, and done much to create it. When it proceeded to liquidate them as traitors and saboteurs, for daring to hold a minority opinion, how could they say that the autonomous society was wrong? Whatever it did was necessarily right: or right and wrong had no meaning any more. There was no criterion, no court of appeal"—no "object" Dr. Joad would say—"to which they could refer with any sense of inward conviction."

C. E. G. H.

#### RIVERSIDE RECOLLECTIONS

MR. WILFRED GAVIN BROWN'S *My River* (Frederick Muller, 10s. 6d.) is a recollection of youthful and later memories of fishing, and of wild creatures seen during fishing, illustrated with drawings by Mr. Reginald Lionel Knowles that capture most successfully the atmosphere of riverside scenes. Mr. Brown's favourite river, like most of the other waters he writes about, is, if I am not mistaken, not far from London, and his book is a graceful reminder of the pleasures that a persevering explorer of the country can attain within quite a short distance of that city.

J. K. A.

*The Growth of Twelve Masterpieces*, by Charles Johnson, reviewed in our issue of March 5, is published by Phoenix House, not the Phoenix Press.

when human existence was restored, he is welcome to it."

The one dramatic means which Mr. Murry advocates for dealing with the situation has already been mentioned. He has other means to suggest. For example, he would proscribe Communist activity in free societies. "If these other countries, which now tolerate the activities of the Communist Party, were organised on the same pattern as Soviet Russia itself, the Communist parties would have been liquidated long ago; and it may conceivably prove to be a fatal moral weakness in the democracies that they have not definitely proscribed parties which are avowedly intolerant themselves. The true principle, I have little doubt, is that a tolerant society should tolerate everything except intolerance."

#### TOLERANCE v. INTOLERANCE

He is impatient with those who see the struggle as one between capitalism and Communism. It is "between tolerance and intolerance. . . . Capitalism may have many faults, but it is far from being the sheer monstrosity which Communists, and many Socialists who should know better, habitually represent it to be."

I have touched no more than the fringes of these two books. In particular, I have not done justice to Mr. Murry's exposition of what a "free society" is, how it works, what lies at the root of its social and religious inspiration, his argument that it could and should be, quite literally, the contemporary embodiment of Christianity. But I hope I have said enough to send many readers to these two significant utterances.

#### RIDING FOR THE VERY YOUNG

WHILE there is a variety of good instructional literature for the more mature rider, there has been little to help the very small beginner, whose needs require special treatment, and, more important, his or her parents. *Learning to Ride*, by Janet Holyoake (Faber, 10s. 6d.) successfully fills the gap. Written in the form of a running commentary on the actual process of introduction to, and the first riding of, a pony, it has the merit of actuality, of practice without, though deriving from, theory. It is helped out by excellent technical comments by "mother" interpolated at suitable points in the narrative. The instruction takes the child only as far as trotting and a few simple aids, but so far as it goes it is sound, pleasantly imparted, and ought to provide a firm base for further adventures. The book is attractively produced, and the photographs by Geoffrey Hammond have been done with great care and really do illustrate the subject.



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### FARMING NOTES

## THE FOURTH PARTNER

UNTIL now we have had three partners in agriculture, the landowner, the farmer and the farm-worker. To-day a fourth, the State, has been added. This I quote from an article in *Agriculture*, by Mr. R. R. Ware, the Director of the Ministry's Agricultural Land Service. It is to our credit as a farming community that the three partners have conducted their business through good times and bad, with give-and-take and common sense, always determined to serve the land. How easily this fourth partner with new ideas and new resources will be assimilated we cannot yet judge. Mr. Ware assures us that the new partner does not mean to be a sleeping partner or even a "clean boot" partner. The Agricultural Land Service is called an outdoor service of the Ministry. Its job will not be just to work only in offices but to meet farmers, workers and landlords on the land as well as in the committee room. I must add that the fourth partner cannot expect to be accepted on terms of complete equality by the other three. He has peculiar responsibilities and attachments, including duties on behalf of the Agricultural Land Commission, which is a body authorised by Parliament to take over and farm land which the Ministry considers is not being fully used by the existing three partners. So the relationship will not always be exactly free and easy.

their work should enjoy the priority in good housing that he can now afford.

### Milk Yields

THERE are now 20,000 milk recorded herds in England and Wales. Their average yields range from about 700 gallons a year down to 650 gallons for the newer entrants into the scheme. Of the 140,000 herds many with fewer than fifteen cows are not in the milk recording scheme, and their average yield is between 500 and 550 gallons a year. I take these facts from the Milk Marketing Board's records. They show that the more enthusiastic milk producers who do apply their minds most thoroughly to this particular job get better results than those who do not worry so much about details. By setting up a Bureau of Records the Milk Board will give a service of records to all those who are interested in their use, especially pedigree breeders. In America the Bureau of Dairy Industry in Washington has discovered that of 1,600 bulls surveyed in 1945 barely half bred daughters with yields equal to or greater than their dams. In New Zealand the analysis of milk records shows that only 54 per cent. of the bulls surveyed can be classed as improvers, judged by milk records of their daughters. Used in commercial herds, most of these bulls would do good, but clearly there is need for increasing attention to selection if improvement is to be maintained.

### Farm Cottages

MINISTERS have drawn a veil of secrecy over the plans for building more farm-workers' cottages. We heard some weeks ago about the Airey houses which are being constructed by the local authorities, but there are many instances, especially in the more sparsely populated areas, where the new farm-workers' houses will have to be built by private enterprise. No local authority wants to have one or two cottages dotted about on the landscape. They like to put them in villages. We are not allowed to know how many houses the county agricultural executive committees consider are needed, but we are assured that the survey they have made and their consultation with the rural district councils will result in a "realistic" programme. There are rumours, which the Minister of Health does not deny, that his regional officers have been turning down applications for farm-workers' cottages, although these are fully sponsored by the C.A.E.C.s and the rural district councils, who cannot build houses in the particular places where they are needed. If this is happening we have yet to realise the "top priority" in building farm-workers' houses.

### For Newcomers

A HIGH official of the Ministry of Agriculture spending a week-end in the country was taken to see a pair of cottages which a dairy farmer had, with considerable ingenuity, managed to get built. The C.A.E.C. gave him full backing because the cottages were needed for milkers on an outlying farm where milk production has lately been started on a considerable scale. The Whitehall man expressed pleasure at the sight of these cottages nearing completion and added his hope that they would be allocated to newcomers into the industry. The farmer replied: "Do you want my cows ruined in six months and reduced to two teats apiece?" As soon as they are completed he is filling this pair of cottages with two experienced milkers, and, apart from the well-being of the cows, he holds the view that these men who have had to live at a distance from

### Lack of Cake

OUR milk yields in Britain are still suffering from lack of oil-cakes. They fell from an average of 575 gallons in 1938-39 to 490 gallons in 1941-42. Then they rose gradually to 545 gallons, reflecting the efforts of self-sufficiency in feeding-stuffs made by dairy farmers. Before the war only 4.3 per cent. of the concentrated feeding-stuffs fed to cows was home-grown; now it is over 40 per cent. The quality is not the same. Much of what we grow for ourselves is bulky and does not stimulate high yields. Incidentally here is a sidelight on the value of the ground-nut scheme in East Africa if production attains anything like the promise of which much has been heard.

### Producers' Boards

IT is all to the good that the Milk Marketing Board, which is the most successful of the producers' boards, has come into the open with a frank and confident statement of its growth and achievements. The pioneers in 1933 and the early years of organised marketing had a rough ride, but they never lost faith, and as the small book, *The Milk Marketing Board*, by Mr. R. A. Pepperall, shows their faith has been fully justified. The first problem they had to tackle was the very low price that many dairy farmers were getting for their milk. By collective bargaining with the distributive trade and the manufacturers the producers' board raised year after year the average price paid to its constituents. Where facilities for collecting and handling milk were poor the board has set up creameries on its own account and so carried out effectively the promise that it would look after every gallon of milk produced in this country. To-day the marketing boards are under fire. The Lucas Committee think they need the firm controlling hand of Commodity Commissions appointed by the State. We are promised a statement from N.F.U. headquarters by the end of April. This book can be obtained from the M.M.B. Library, Thames Ditton, Surrey, 4s. 6d. CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

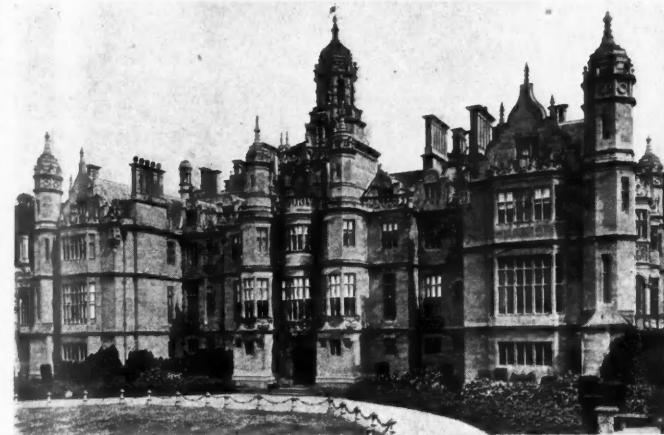
## HARLAXTON TO BE A COLLEGE

HARLAXTON MANOR, two miles from Grantham, Lincolnshire, has been sold by Mrs. Violet van der Elst to the Society of Jesus, and the great house with its 140 rooms is to be a college for young Roman Catholic priests. Mrs. van der Elst paid £78,000 for Harlaxton in 1937 and re-named it Grantham Castle. The house, which took 13 years to build, was completed in 1843, and is a landmark in 19th-century architecture.

The history of Harlaxton, like that of many other comparatively modern large houses, stretches back to long before the erection of the existing house that bears its name, and Harlaxton is the successor of a Jacobean manor house built two hundred years previously.

## EARLY HISTORY

IT was early in the 17th century that Daniel de Ligne, a Flemish man of high descent—one of his ancestors had been a Knight of the Golden Fleece—fled France in the face of religious persecution and came to live at



HARLAXTON MANOR FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

Harlaxton. He prospered in England and was knighted by James I in 1620, becoming High Sheriff of Lincoln 11 years later. He died in 1656 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Erasmus, who had been a staunch supporter of Charles I, and it is recorded that after the Restoration Harlaxton yielded the not-inconsiderable sum for those days of £1,000 yearly.

Eventually the property descended to Ann Orton, great-granddaughter of Elizabeth de Ligne, eldest daughter of Sir Daniel; she married a Mr. George Gregory, a great lover of art and architecture. He it was who, in 1830, embarked on the task of building the present edifice and employed Anthony Salvin, the eminent military architect, whose work may be seen in the White Tower, Beauchamp Tower and Traitors' Gate in the Tower of London, and in the Curfew Tower at Windsor Castle. Harlaxton, with its numerous battlements and pinnacles and elaborate carving is perhaps somewhat over-ornate for modern taste, but none can deny its imposing grandeur, and the gardens, which, like the house, are on the grand scale, were created in the spacious days when expense was incidental.

## CRIPPLING DEATH DUTIES

THE late Lord Rosebery once said, "Death duties harass, pinch and annoy," and twenty years ago the late Lord Derby, referring to the sale of his Bootle (Lan-

cashire) estate for £1,750,000, is reported to have said: "I cannot help realising that on my death it would be necessary for my son to sell much of my estate to pay the very heavy death duties. Therefore, it was advisable, in his interests as well as my own, that the sale should take place in my lifetime, rather than that there should be a forced sale after my death."

## EFFECT ON LANDED ESTATES

SINCE then death duties have been greatly increased, until to-day the effect is often crippling. As long ago as 1939, Lord Harlech, announcing his decision to sell 1,420 acres of his Brogyntyn estate in Shropshire, wrote: "The effect of death duties on agricultural land and farm buildings is the inevitable break-up of country estates, and as each newcomer succeeds this effect will become more and more marked, and must only end in their disappearance." That Lord Harlech's forebodings showed a realistic appreciation of the future is



*Robert of Chester brought the science of chemistry to Western Europe, 800 years ago. Of this remarkable man's origin little is known except that he was probably born in Rutland. He was certainly educated at the then flourishing school at Chester, after which, following the custom of the times, he studied at the Moorish universities in Spain. The Moors or Arabs were the world's leading scientists at that period. On February 11th, 1144, Robert completed the translation into Latin of an Arabic treatise on chemistry. This was Europe's first chemical textbook.*

*No doubt he also brought with him from Spain one of the flowing Arab robes which, as the "gown" of British universities, still serves to remind us that a close bond once linked the scholars of East and West. He could no more have dreamed of the place this garment was to occupy in later years than he could have imagined the future of another Arabic treatise he translated. This was a work by a celebrated mathematician, Khwarizmi, on a branch of mathematics developed by the Arabs and still known to us by its Arabic name, algebra. Besides his extensive works in mathematics, Robert made the first Latin translation of the Koran. Europe owes an immeasurable debt to this Englishman. But for him, the knowledge of the East of chemistry and mathematics might have remained a closed book to the Western world for centuries afterwards.*

## MANOR SOLD

FRAMEWOOD MANOR, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, an Elizabeth-style house with 170 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to a client of Messrs. Hetherington and Secrett. The property includes a bailiff's house and six cottages and is well stocked with timber.

PROCURATOR.



# MID-SEASON Collections



(Left) Rose pink "Dolly Varden" in leghorn caught up at the back with ribbon bows. Otto Lucas

★

(Right) Corduroys from Peter Robinson—a suit with big pockets and a straight skirt and a coat with a round yoke. Both done in numbers of colours

★



(Left) Cream straw sailor with a double brim and an Edwardian plume. Miss Hammond

★

(Below) Large sailor in navy straw lined with striped taffeta. Otto Lucas



**S**KIRTS continue to be the major excitement in fashion, and the collections give the impression that only the question of coupons is holding back the designers from making them longer and longer and more and more voluminous. What they are putting on at the hemline they are taking off at the tops, and many of the summer dresses have tiny sleeves or no sleeves at all and necklines cut out as low as for the cocktail dresses. These wide-skirted dresses in printed crêpes, in plain and printed linens and rayons, in fine wool crêpes and in French cottons, the seersuckers and striped zephyrs, look very fresh and pretty in the collections, but they are by no means the right dresses for anyone who has not a neat waist. For her there is an entirely different silhouette which, with its slender midcalf skirt and draped hips, is a continuation of the one women have been wearing. Sometimes the skirts have a panel of unpressed pleats or gores in the centre front and back, sometimes sun-ray pleats set in fan shapes at intervals.

A very new line, shown in all of the big wholesale collections, has a skin-tight slender dress under a full-backed jacket that dips at the back and falls in rippling folds; in front, the jacket is flat and ends just below the waist. This jacket is a very easy line to wear for one who is not so slim and it is decidedly chic. Selita showed it as a broadly striped woollen in tones of mushroom and pale pinky beige over a plain mushroom wool frock; also as a slim black frock with a gay little checked coat with a full circular back set into a rounded shoulder yoke, both dipping. Louis Levy make an elegant navy wool frock, slim as a reed and buttoning up both sides under a full navy jacket, immensely full in the dipping back and tying under the chin with a cyclamen-and-navy-striped moiré cravat. The silk also makes deep turn-back cuffs on the three-quarter-length sleeves of the jacket.

In the Selita collection of summer dresses, the full-skirted gathered *jeune fille* frocks are shown over petticoats in white nylon taffeta with a narrow pleated flounce set in with narrow pale-pink ribbon and a wire hoop inserted all round at hip level. These petticoats are the lineal descendant of the petticoats worn under crinolines in the '60s, and the shops tell me that they are being bought, with or without hoops, in numbers. Two of the prettiest of the Selita dresses were in white silk with a tiny all-over line-check pattern in navy. One had navy-blue inch-wide ribbons making two horizontal stripes on the skirt, with more on the tiny sleeves and outlining the oval

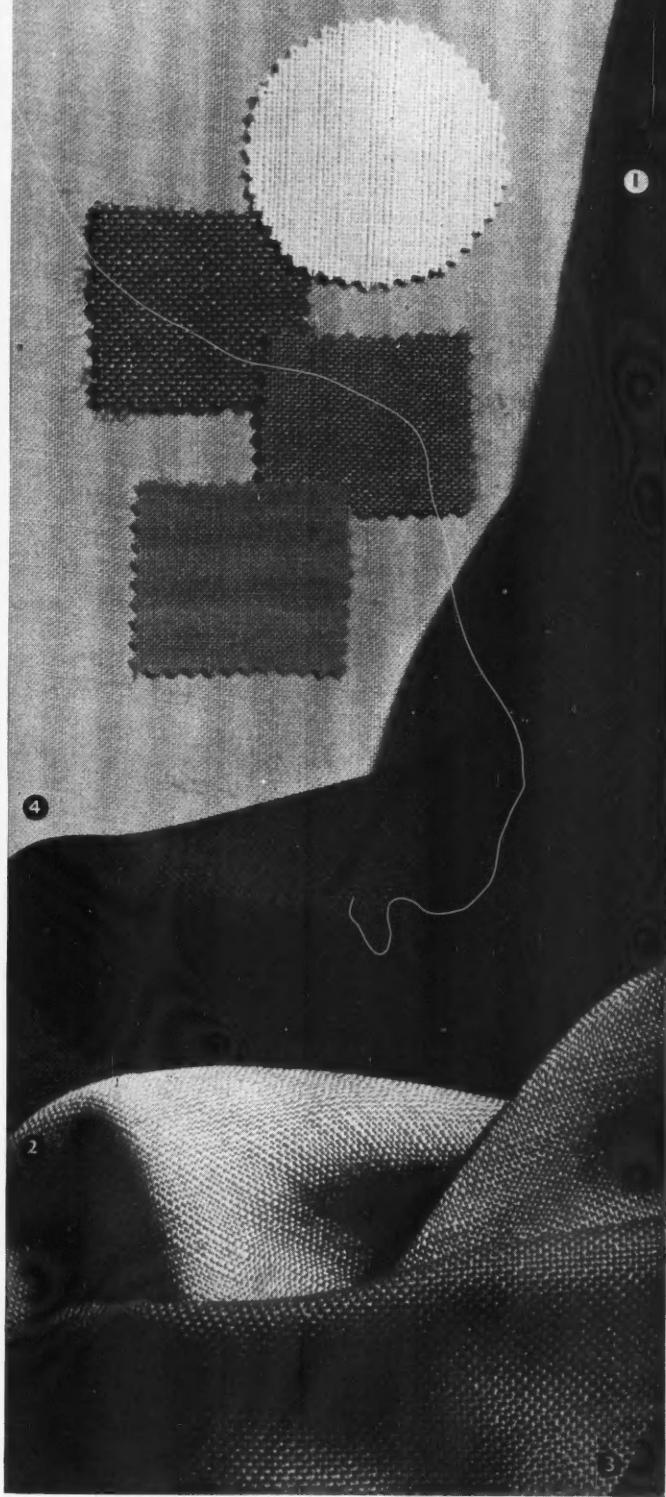
(Continued on page 648)



# Spectator

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neckline. The other had the skirt gauged in three deep bands, and the top, which fitted as closely as paper on a wall, bordered at the high round neck and armholes with ruches of navy taffeta. A charming navy coat-frock in wool showed this same line much modified, with the circular skirt composed of three horizontal bands with a flat tuck between the bands and worn over buckram panniers which emphasised the hips. The plain top buttoned down the front and had white piqué revers with plain three-quarter sleeves. This is a frock that could be worn successfully by large or small. Some charming cocktail dresses were included in black wool with a deep band of moiré or taffeta inserted above the hem of the moderately full skirts. The bodices were tight and the sleeves barely covered the top of the arm.

SOME splendid summer-travel top-coats by Travella were shown in lovely muted shades of pale apple and olive green as well as in flecked and bird's-eye tweeds. The coats were given rounded shoulders and full sleeves gathered to wristbands or drawn in with a band and a button like a storm coat. These coats were ample, but without any exaggerated tent-like fullness.

Spectator cut their skirts in graduated sections like a parachute and compress them to the neat waists. Without cutting into any excessive amount of material, they achieve an attractive version of the New Look. Patterns are small and compact—one of the most attractive being a white strawberry used as a dot on a snuff brown crépe. Small ovals about the size of a pea in white and black on dove grey make another. Bronze brown and black in graded stripes arranged into deep horizontal bars and overprinted with trails of black leaves make a full gathered crépe dress. These combinations of dim colours are an important feature of the season. Necklines at this show are interesting—scooped out like that of a Victorian picture-book heroine or high and collarless in front and cut to a square at the back. Accordion pleating makes the entire shirt top and a panel on top of the short sleeves of simple crépe frocks.



A cardigan hand knitted in white with sky blue stripes and worked with true lover's knots in cyclamen pink angora. Dorville from Jays

Gigantic checks and half-crown dots printed on the hems of pin-striped frocks were novelties featured by Horrockses in their exciting collection of summer cottons. A check in dove grey and pale pink showed the pattern used as diamonds on the high closely fitting top and as a checkerboard on the full skirt. Another pretty arrangement of colours was in slate blue, both dark and light with white and tan. Full cotton skirts were gathered to inlet waistbands; tops were high, absolutely plain and round or cut in squares, both back and front. Colours shown by Horrockses this summer are the rich clear shades of Rockingham and Spode. Cottons have been especially designed for town by Alastair Moreton in combinations of stripes, broad and solid, broken, feather-stitched and herring-bone in clear pinks and Celadon greens combined with black and white; a light feathery stripe in black will be etched between solid bars of a colour and white. Wide mid-calf gored and gathered skirts are shown for the beach and button over bloomers and brassière tops, or sometimes button right on to the brassière itself, with a high corsette top to the skirt. The classic button-through dress for the beach also appears with a swirling longer skirt than last year. Shorts turn up at the bottom and are comparatively tight like a boy's or so full that they are almost like a skating skirt. The short variety are sometimes worn with a long skirt in cotton poplin, cut straight and almost knee-length, worn over the top of the shorts. The house-coats seem more ravishing than ever with their full sleeves, peacocking fullness at the back and dovetailing of the gores at the neat waists.

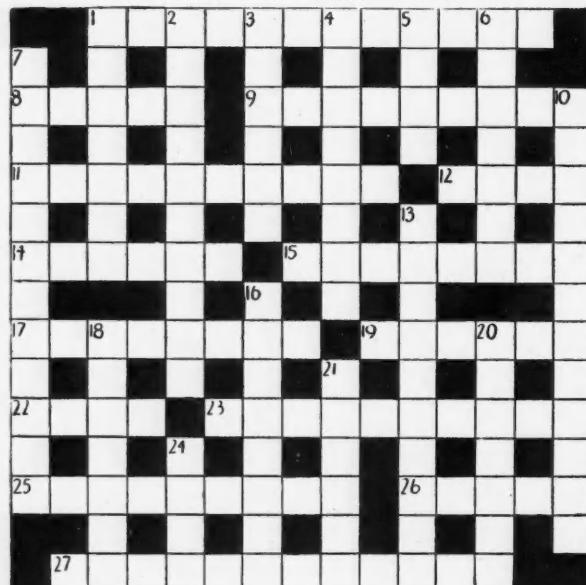
Much can be done towards achieving the desired waistline by one of the special small corsets which contract one at the waistline, but even more can be accomplished by a systematic course of exercises to reduce the waistline. Elizabeth Arden have been working on this problem and evolved a series for reducing waistlines, and they are holding special courses in their salon and will also advise through the post.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

## CROSSWORD No. 946

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 946, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than [the first post on the morning of Thursday, April 1, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

**SOLUTION TO No. 945.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 19, will be announced next week.

**ACROSS.**—1 and 6, Head of the river; 9, Small beer; 10, Lyric; 11, Set fair; 12, Amateur; 13, Bar; 14, Morisco; 17, Khedive; 19, Suffers; 22, Deposit; 24, Air; 25, Exerted; 26, Arizona; 29, Galba; 30, Lengthens; 31 and 32, Robin redbreast. **DOWN.**—1, Husks; 2, Apart; 3, Orleans; 4, Theorbo; 5, Earmark; 6, Release; 7, Varieties; 8, Recurrent; 14, Messenger; 15, Rifle club; 16, Car; 18, Hoe; 20, Entrain; 21, Saddler; 22, Drained; 23, Printer; 27, Omega; 28, Asset.

### ACROSS

- After a fashion they are rulers of the waves (12)
- Dismiss the gardener but the produce of the tree remains (5)
- Mule tours (anagr.) (9)
- After overturning a bus the bootecks take to the sea (10)
- It may be associated with downs or links (4)
- Their divinations should be penetrating by the sound of them (6)
- Top-lofty type (8)
- Next step after getting up the salad (8)
- African tribesman (6)
- 7 down is one of a violent nature (4)
- Elddas in Cumberland (10)
- Aid or crab (anagr.) (9)
- One who works hard in a German city (5)
- As rude as it is out of place (12)

### DOWN

- A grip it may be across the Atlantic (7)
- She has her objects of adoration (10)
- It needs more than the outline to make it lead (6)
- Theological explanation (8)
- "I am the master of my fate :  
"I am the captain of my \_\_\_\_."  
—W. E. Henley (4)
- Does he rule dormitory or store, for a change? (7)
- A striking and seizing incident (5, 3, 4)
- Mutton chops, and off the ration for those who fancy them (4, 8)
- Author whose name gives *ton* to the city (10)
- It needs inspiration to take it in (8)
- It is enough to make an ape grim (7)
- Greed (7)
- What the contiguous must do (6)
- "Dominion over palm and \_\_\_\_."—Kipling (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 945 is

Mrs. G. T. Williams,  
Tredrea,  
Perranarworthal,  
Truro,  
Cornwall.

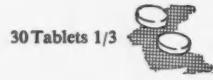


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